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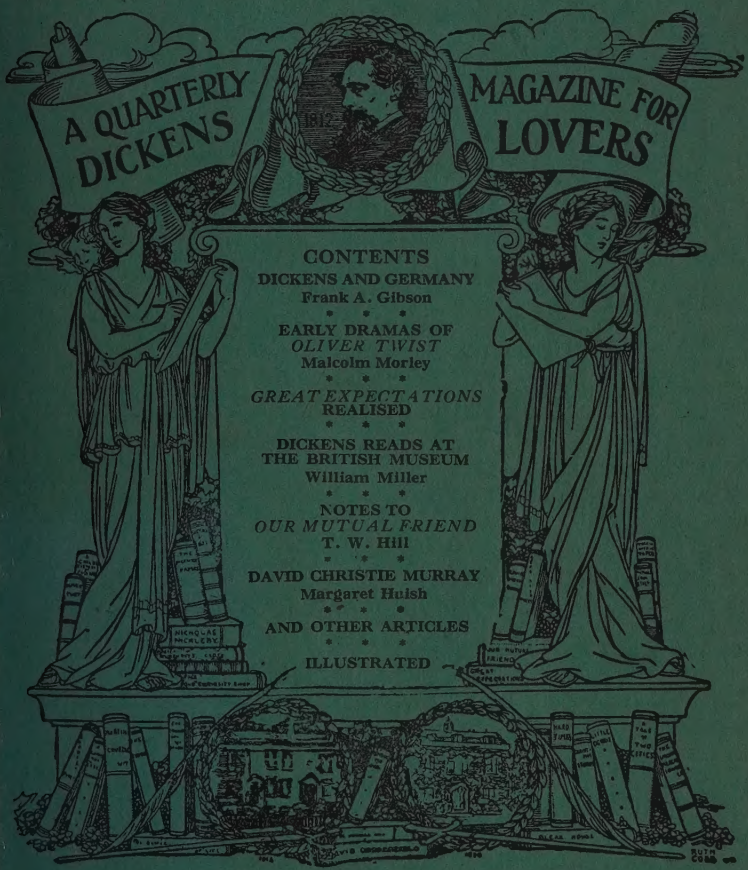

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Conference and London Meetings - - - See page iii of cover

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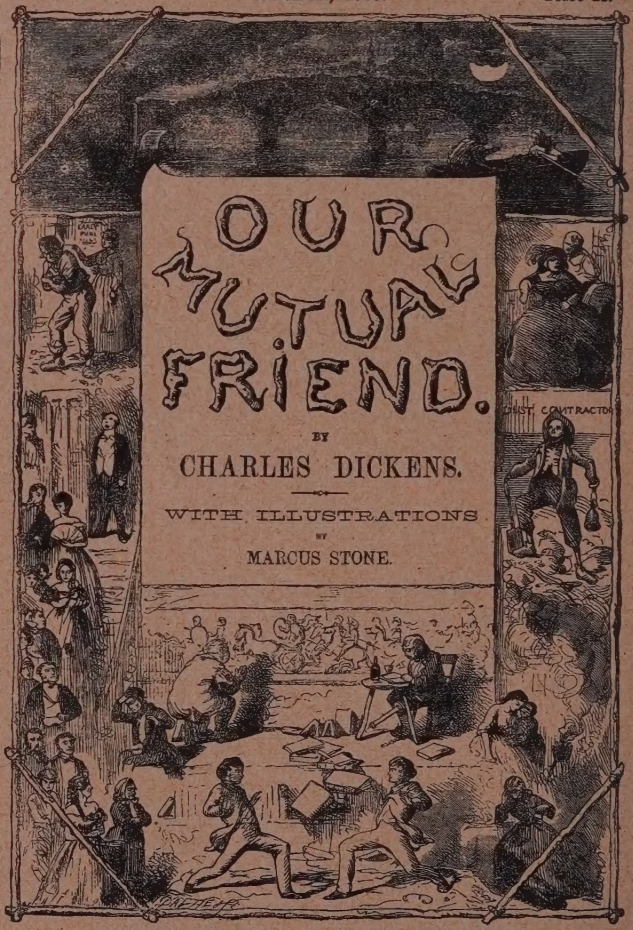

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Notes to which by T. W. Hill commence on page 85

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XLIII. 1ST MARCH, 1947 No. 282

WHEN FOUND—

The Birthday. The 135th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated by most branches of the Fellowship. In London a very large company attended a Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant under the chairmanship of the President, Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens. A considerable number of Branch members had travelled long distances in order to be present and the evening was a great success. The toast of the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens was proposed by Viscount Leverhulme and his speech will be reported in our next number. A brilliant recital by The Rev. G. A. Parkinson, followed on February 11th at Lincoln's Inn Old Hall. The traditional performances by the Dickensian Tabard Players, this year from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, took place at the George Inn and the Charles Dickens School, Lant Street, Borough.

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Conference. The Forty-first Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship is to be held on May 16-19th, next and details are now in the hands of all Branch Secretaries. The Hon. Secretary in London will be pleased to send extra copies to anyone who applies for them. The Conference is once more to be held in London as hotel and other facilities in the provincial cities are still too difficult to allow our festival to be held elsewhere. Londoners trust that their visitors are not yet tired of Metropolitan Conferences, but they are determined to make their friends as welcome as ever and Headquarters look forward to resuming the series outside their own city next year. Plans are now complete and no effort will be spared to make this year's gathering as memorable and enjoyable as any of its predecessors. So roll along in your hundreds, the Dickens Fellowship will be "At Home" from May 16th-19th.

* * * * *

A Royal Occasion. The Royal World Première of the Cineguild film production of *Great Expectations* at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, London, on December 16th last, was a great occasion. The film is reviewed on another page but the circumstances of its first public performance demand more than a passing note in this place. The occasion was graced by the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and a distinguished audience entirely filled the great theatre. The Duchess and Viscountess Rothermere (the chairman of the Première committee) were presented with bouquets and specially bound programmes by children from the benefitting hospitals dressed as children from Dickens by the Costume Department of the Dickens Fellowship. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Amalgamated Children's Hospitals (The Victoria and The Belgrave) and the Dickens House Endowment Fund (the Walter Dexter Memorial).

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The Fund. We hope to be able to publish in our next number the sum raised for the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) by the Royal Première. The Fellowship's

production of *A Christmas Carol*, reviewed on another page, produced nearly seventy pounds. The success of this play has prompted the committee to announce another, *A Tale of Two Cities*, also adapted and produced by Mrs. Jane Bacon, to be given in aid of the Fund during the Conference in May. News of the efforts of other Branches continue to reach us. Some are doing very well, but obviously there are many who do not realise the need. So often we hear the opinion expressed that one has but to breathe the name of Dickens and money will roll in. Alas, nothing could be more erroneous. Quite apart from appeals to the general public who have so many calls upon their generosity in these days, a large number of Branches of the Dickens Fellowship appear to be doing little or nothing in spite of the constant appeals in these pages for two years. A memorial like the Dickens House, infinitely more practical and useful than any piece of ornamental sculpture, is a costly thing to maintain, If your own Branch of the Fellowship has not yet organised any functions in aid of its Endowment Fund, will you not urge your committee to consider the matter.

* * * * *

The Hon. Treasurer. This is to introduce our new Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Mitchell, who has already, for some years, rendered signal services to the Fellowship on financial matters. His election is due to the resignation, reported on another page, of Mr. T. W. Hill. We offer Mr. Mitchell both our congratulations and our thanks in undertaking this office. May we suggest that no more sincere appreciation of his action could be made than the immediate initiation of plans for the benefit of the Dickens House Endowment Fund in all those Branches which have not yet done so. May he enjoy many years in the conduct of his office and may he report the successful attainment of the Fund at no distant date.

* * * * *

Ask Miller. Ever since the formation of the Fellowship forty-five years ago, any knotty bibliographical problem with regard to Dickensiana has been referred to our old friend Mr. William Miller. Indeed, "Ask Miller," became the inevitable slogan in such matters. It has been an open secret that he was assembling his knowledge of this subject over a great many years, with a view to publication. His sojourn in Boston, Mass., during the war enabled him not only to complete his studies at the library of Harvard University, but, by the aid of the Boston Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, to see the fruits of his labour published by the Harvard University Press, under the title of *The Dickens Student and Collector*. The English edition is issued by Chapman and Hall and will be reviewed in our next number. Speaking for himself, the Editor already wonders how his work was conducted without this valuable and indispensable aid. It should form part of every Library and the Dickens collector is urged to lose no time in securing a copy.

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The MS. of *Great Expectations*. In January the press reported the proposed sale of the original MS. of *Great Expectations*, and that the present writer had journeyed to Wisbech to inspect it. The story is an extraordinary one and having gained wide currency the readers of *The Dickensian* will wish to know the truth of the matter. The MS. was presented in 1861 to the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townshend by Charles Dickens who had dedicated the book to him. Seven years later, Townshend died and the MS. was found to have been bequeathed, together with his library and other collections to the town of Wisbech in Cambridgeshire, near to which his family had a seat. A few of his friends raised a sum with which to build a small museum to house these bequests and it was placed in the hands of

trustees, the descendants of whom are still in control. With the passage of time, the museum is found to be in financial difficulty and now the trustees seek powers to sell this MS., its most valuable possession, in order to carry on. It has been carefully preserved in the vaults all these years and comparatively few knew of its existence. If, therefore, a sale is effected, it is to be hoped that it will find its way into an institution far more accessible to the Dickens student. The danger is, of course, that the MS. may cross the Atlantic, but we trust that it may be possible to secure it ultimately for Britain. We were aware of all this as long ago as September, when a celebrated collector, a great friend of the Dickens Fellowship, was asked if he would be interested in such a sale. Later we were empowered to state that he was anxious to secure it, that he would retain it during his lifetime were he successful and that he would bequeath it to the Dickens House. This was made known to the appropriate authorities and the issue is awaited with the keenest interest. Early in October we inspected this coveted prize in the little Wisbech Museum and found it carefully preserved in a large leather-bound volume in which are also bound up some interesting notes drawn up by Dickens for his own guidance whilst writing the novel. Copies of these we placed at the disposal of Mr. T. W. Hill for use in drawing up his Notes to the book which will eventually appear in these pages. It is interesting to note that Dickens's original name for Joe Gargery was George Thunder, the correction being made some time after the book was commenced. The Wisbech Museum also contains presentation copies of some of Dickens's first editions from the author to his friend and also one or two autograph letters.

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The MS. of *Our Mutual Friend.*

We also have news of the MS. of *Our Mutual Friend.* This was sold in 1944 as reported on page 4 of *The Dickensian* for 1945. It has now passed into the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, where it will form the principal Dickensian item in a collection that already possesses the MSS. of three of the *Christmas Books* and many other valuable items. (See *The Dickensian*, 1934, p. 63.).

* * * * *

And *Titbull's Almshouses.*

Yet another Dickens MS. has been in the news. Mr. Ernest Walter of the Vancouver Branch has been writing in the *Vancouver Daily Province* about the MS. of *Titbull's Almshouses*, now in the possession of Mrs. E. C. Wayland of Comox, B.C. "My uncle," said this lady, "was a compositor for *All the Year Round*," in which this favourite chapter (No. XXVII) in *The Uncommercial Traveller* first appeared. Her father, Samuel Clapp, used to visit him and on one occasion asked the printer, Dan F. Bastie, what he did with Mr. Dickens's manuscripts. He was told that sometimes Dickens asked for their return and at other times they were probably thrown away. Mr. Clapp begged that one should be saved for him, and his daughter has it to this day. Although some of the manuscripts of Dickens's journalistic writings have survived—there are examples of them in the Pierpont Morgan and Elkins libraries—a great many must have perished. Count de Suzannet, who himself has included two such manuscripts (*Our Commission* and *The School-boy's Story*) among his many generous gifts to the Dickens House, writes, "I imagine that quite a number must have been rescued from the waste-paper basket by Dan F. Bastie and his colleagues. One reason why they were not taken care of must have been their illegibility. Even the earliest *Household Words* articles written by Dickens are not easy to decipher but those he wrote for *All the Year Round* are very much

worse; no twentieth-century printer would tolerate such writing, even from Dickens."

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Nicholas follows Pip. By the time that these lines are in the reader's hands another Dickens film will have appeared on the London screens—*Nicholas Nickleby*, produced by Ealing Studios. A review will appear in our next issue. Before the opening date the Directors are to give a special performance of the film before an invited Fellowship audience. Unfortunately, severe weather had an adverse effect upon the attendance at Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, on January 29th, when the assistant producer of the film, Mr. John Croydon, gave a lecture upon it, which was enthusiastically received and Mr. Croydon was warmly thanked by a deeply interested audience.

* * * * *

Radio Dickens. The Editor owes his readers an apology for the errors in his information on this subject in the last number, due to a misunderstanding. But if he drew their attention to the admirable serial of *A Tale of Two Cities*, now in progress on Wednesday evenings, perhaps he may be forgiven. As we go to press, only a few instalments have been heard, but they have been richly satisfying and our old friend Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley is to be sincerely congratulated. No less enjoyable are the Dickens character-studies now in progress on Sunday afternoons. "Mr. Pecksniff" we particularly admired, but so far, perhaps the best have been the Mrs. Chick of that fine radio actress, Gladys Young to the Miss Tox of Jean Cadell and the Tony Weller of Norman Shelley. For these delightful half-hours, Mr. Clinton-Baddeley is also responsible.

* * * * *

The Honeymoon Cottage Comedy. This ancient comedy was revived in an acute form recently. It will be remembered that in 1911 the now defunct Gravesend Branch of the Dickens Fellowship placed a tablet and a portrait plaque of Dickens, executed and presented for the purpose by Percy Fitzgerald, upon a small weather-boarded cottage in the village of Chalk, which declared that that was the cottage in which Dickens spent his honeymoon in 1836. Hitherto a much larger house nearby had been regarded as the house in question upon the testimony of Laman Blanchard, but Mrs. Perugini had said that the smaller of the two houses would be the more probable one, although both she and Miss Hogarth urged that no action should be taken until more precise evidence was available. Dickensians in London also pressed this counsel of wisdom, but with no result—tablet and plaque were unveiled. Then in 1932 came the publication of Dickens's letters to Thomas Beard. Forster has told us that Dickens took his wife to Chalk in 1837 and that they occupied the same rooms as those which served them on their honeymoon a year earlier. One of the letters to Beard, dated 1837, was addressed from "Mrs. Nash's." The late Col. Gadd investigated the matter and after some difficulty discovered the house in which this Mrs. Nash lived. (See *The Dickensian*, 1932, p. 114). But the owners of the cottage upon which was affixed the tablet were not convinced and they declined to permit its transference to the newly-discovered cottage. In December last, the tabletted cottage was advertised to be offered for sale by auction and it was thought that here at last might be the opportunity to end the Gilbertian situation. But no. The property either failed to reach the reserve or was bought in by the owner and we find ourselves just where we were. After the sale the owner was again appealed to, but without result—he "regretted that he could not

permit the removal of the tablet." The Dickens Fellowship is indebted to Mr. W. Glanvill Mason of Rochester for the great trouble he has taken in this matter, in which, let us hope, his assistance will be sought again at no distant date.

* * * * *

A new biography in French. A new *Life of Dickens*, by Léon Lemonnier (Paris, Albin Michel) has to be recorded. We are reliably informed that, although the author professes a great admiration for the subject of his work, the impression which emerges is as unfavourable and untruthful as any that have appeared in these last scandal-mongering years. Impersonations, more or less complete, of Maria Beadnell, the Hogarth sisters and Ellen Ternan are to be found, according to M. Lemonnier, not only in *David Copperfield* and *Little Dorrit*, but in practically every one of the novels from *Pickwick* to *Edwin Drood*! We are familiar enough, alas, with this kind of treatment and when, in addition, we are informed that his mistakes and unsubstantial assertions would fill many pages, it is obvious that detailed criticism of such a work is unnecessary. Probably it will find few readers in this country or in America, but it is a pity that French students of Dickens have not been offered a more reliable biography.

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Pickwick in the Lords. "As a public institution the pound was commonly referred to in our literature a hundred years ago and added to our language. I hope that a good many people recollect that in perhaps the most celebrated of English novels Mr. Pickwick was removed by Captain Boldwig to the village pound under the imputation of being a drunken plebeian"—Lord Maugham in the House of Lords, December 16th, 1946.

* * * * *

That Baronetcy. Letters continue to reach us asking for an explanation of the baronetcy which Dickens is alleged to have accepted not long before he died. The legend arose from two letters the novelist wrote to Mr. (later Sir) Arthur Helps, Private Secretary to the Queen, on March 3rd, 1870. One reads, "We will have 'Of Gad's Hill Place' attached to the Baronetcy, please—on account of the divine William and Falstaff. With this stipulation my blessing and forgiveness are enclosed. A more formal note accompanies this." The other: "I am sure I need not tell you that I am much honoured by the Queen's gracious message, and that I very highly esteem it. Will you kindly present my duty and thanks to the Queen and the assurance that I shall be proud and happy to wait upon Her Majesty whenever it may suit her pleasure." It is clear to us that there was a private joke between the two friends on the subject which would naturally not be brought to the notice of the Queen, hence the "more formal note." Furthermore, Dickens would know perfectly well that territorial titles do not accompany baronetcies and, moreover, we find him writing to G. W. Rusden but two months later, on May 20th, three weeks before his death—"You will probably have read before now that I am going to be everything the Queen can make me. If my authority be worth anything believe on it that I am going to be nothing but what I am and that includes my being as long as I live,—Your faithful and heartily obliged Charles Dickens."

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Dickens to the Queen. A most interesting memento of the occasion on which Dickens did "wait upon her Majesty" was on view for the first time, we believe, throughout last month. It was the *Pickwick* of the set of his works which the novelist presented

to her as a result of that interview. It is well known that the Queen gave him in return a copy of her own *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, inscribed "From one of the humblest to the most distinguished author in England." This volume we had the privilege of inspecting when it was in the possession of the late Lady Dickens. It is still treasured by the family. The *Pickwick* beautifully bound in full morocco, was lent by H.M. the King from the Royal Library at Windsor to the exhibition of Victorian Fiction held by the National Book League at its handsome rooms in Albemarle Street, London. The inscription is as follows:

This Edition of his Works
Is humbly presented
To
Her Gracious Majesty
Queen Victoria
By her faithful and devoted
Subject and Servant
Charles Dickens.
Twenty-ninth April, 1870.

* * * * *

Victorian Books. No lover of Victorian books within reach of Piccadilly should have missed the opportunity provided by that exhibition. In any case, it is strongly recommended that the interesting and well-illustrated catalogue should be secured (2*s*., cloth 6*s*.) In its Foreword, Mr. Michael Sadleir emphasises that "only a very few of the visitors to the Exhibition will have had a previous opportunity of seeing what Victorian published fiction looked like when it was new." For the chance of correcting that omission, we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Sadleir himself, who provided the major portion of the exhibits from his own immaculate collection. There they all were, monthly parts, three-deckers, yellow-backs and every other variety of "format" known to our grandparents, the majority in wondrous preservation; at once the delight and despair of the less fortunate collector.

* * * * *

W. C. Fields as Micawber. The death of Mr. W. C. Fields at the time of the latest success of Dickens on the screen has revived an old controversy—whether or no Mr. Fields was a great Micawber. Certainly his performance of that character in the finest Dickens film that has so far come out of Hollywood, aroused a great deal of discussion. Mr. James Agate puts the case in masterly fashion in a recent letter to *The Times*: "Consider Micawber's first appearance in the novel. 'This,' said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, 'is master Copperfield. I hope I see you well sir?' There was nothing remotely genteel about Fields's Micawber, who in the film made his first appearance by a highly ungenteel fall through the roof of his own house.

"Consider again. 'Under the impression that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short, that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way.' Fields's Micawber would not have used the word 'peregrination,' or known the meaning of 'arcana.'

" Mr. Micawber's manners which, 'peculiarly qualify him for the Banking business ?' Not even Mrs. Micawber at her most doting could have said that of Fields. Micawber is a gentleman who keeps his fallen day about him, and if he is not played like this he is not played at all. Fields was a glorious buffoon. But being possessed of no more gentility than a pork pie he could do no other with Micawber than turn him into an obese Ally Sloper, with very much the same nose and hat. And that, I submit, is not Dickens's character."

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New Editions. Demands for reprints of the novels of Dickens remain overwhelming and are likely to continue so until the paper restrictions are very considerably relieved. But in the meantime we must be thankful for small mercies. Messrs Collins have issued a handsome edition of *Oliver Twist* (8/6), but the much heralded new illustrations of Harry Keir do not commend themselves to at least one Dickensian. It is all a matter of taste, of course. It is not denied that there is much artistic merit in these bizarre plates, but whether they usefully interpret the spirit of the book is open to discussion. Mr. Keir is well known for his pictures of Glasgow slum life, but more than that is required for the truthful delineation of Dickens. The Penguin Press, however, can be heartily congratulated upon their edition of *A Christmas Carol* in the King Penguin series. In a format in imitation of the original edition, it is a miracle of cheapness at half-a-crown in these days. With the colour plates of Leech well reproduced, no book was in greater demand last Christmastide.

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" The Trollopian." The third number of our new contemporary, *The Trollopian*, has appeared and in it the editor has already fulfilled his announced intention of dealing with nineteenth century literature apart from Trollope. This number contains an article, " The Infusions of Dickens in Trollope," by Robert H. Taylor, which makes excellent reading and demonstrates the latter author's wide knowledge of and debt to his predecessor. It admirably sets forth the fact that few Trollope novels neglect to make direct reference to Dickens characters apart from constant obvious influences. The article is a valuable contribution to Dickensiana. The number also contains the first part of an article by Robert B. Heilman on " The New World in Dickens's Writings." This also is worthy of careful study, but detailed discussion of it is postponed until the final part appears.

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An Overflow of Bile. Generalisations are usually misleading and are always dangerous. A writer who calls himself " Copytaster," in the *Advertiser's Weekly* for December 26th, 1946, says, " If one could commission a Gallup Poll, one would find that for every lover of Dickens there is someone who loathes him, and two or three who have no opinion on the matter, have never read any of his books through to the end, and can remember none of the titles except *Pickwick Papers* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. Loathe is a strong term to use and we cannot help wondering how many of the books of an author one has to read through to the end before arriving at the conclusion that the reader loathes—not dislikes or avoids—but loathes the writer. It must indeed be a tribulation, and one we would not undergo, to read a book right through, loathing the author all the time. It can only be compared to the painful satisfaction of worrying at a sore place. However, to take " Copytaster " on his own words, can it be said of *any* author other than Dickens that for every lover there are only four who are not devotees ?

Overstatement Defeats Itself. Now consider the case of the "two or three" who have no opinion and have never "read any of the books through to the end." There is nothing to offer them but sympathy. There must of necessity be people who dislike any given author, but we do seriously question "Copytaster's" Gallup Poll; among the people who use Public Libraries, a very fair cross-section of the community, Dickens certainly occupies a high place among the authors asked for and the constant demand for reprints of the novels cannot begin to be met during the present restricted supply of paper. The statement that "for every lover of Dickens there is someone who loathes him and two or three who have no opinion," seems unduly extravagant.

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Sweet are the Uses of Advertisement. The same article from which we have quoted above, questions the advantage of the use of Dickens's works in advertisements of commodities. This will be news indeed to those of our readers who remember the advertisers' announcements that have appeared in our columns for many years. We recall articles by Walter Dexter with pictures of advertisements supplied by many firms, among whom James Buchan & Co., International Tea Co., Sharp's Toffee, each of whom have thought it good business to commission such well-known artists as Frank Reynolds, Fred Pegram and Will Owen to use Dickens characters for advertising purposes; Copes, Lyons, Diploma, Players, Ronuk and others, including firms in Canada and Australia. Surely such people know what will attract custom, and they would not waste enormous sums of money if their advertisements "fall as flat as an amateur baritone at a cricket-club concert." Even non-readers of Dickens appreciate the Dickens folk by hearsay and are attracted by the often charming advertisements, even if they "loathe" or are opinionless about the merits of Dickens the novelist.

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Manchester's Experience. With regard to the present popularity of Dickens's novels it so happens that we are provided with some up-to-date figures from Manchester. The total number of copies of Dickens novels in the city's Public Libraries is 1,288, headed by 105 of *A Tale of Two Cities* and 102 of *David Copperfield*. During the year ended in September last, no less than 13,970 issues were made from that total. These figures are official and were furnished to the Manchester Branch of the Dickens Fellowship by the City Librarian.

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Gone Astray. Under cover of a critique of the *Great Expectations* film, Mr. Campbell Dixon, in the *Daily Telegraph*, indulges in a pseudo-judicial Pontifical against Dickens. He declares that Dickens was "not much interested in people, real people" and that his obsession for "humours" determined that his characters shall be "characters" if it kills them. "Kill them it does," says Mr. Dixon, and adds parenthetically, "or some of them." He spurns Miss Havisham and goes so far as to say that as for Magwitch and Compeyson, "surely no more melodramatic creatures ever trod the boards of the Lyceum." By the way he makes a real blunder in stating that Magwitch was only seven years abroad; a careful reading of the book would have revealed that he was away for sixteen years. Mr. Dixon's judgement is apparently warped by the lack of any appreciation of romance in his own make-up, and we would prescribe a post-graduate course to complete his outfit, and strongly advise him to join the

Dickens Fellowship. We are sure the advantages would be mutual: the Fellowship would gain by Mr. Dixon's talent and he would find that Dickens's admirers, even if some of them are uncritical, are by no means thinning.

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Another relic to go? "Dickens's Pharmacy," situated in High Street, Rochester, within a stone's throw of the Cathedral, has recently been acquired by the Rochester Co-operative Society. Mr. W. Glanvill Mason writes to us that it was owned by Mr. J. B. Frith, chemist and druggist, for the last 45 years. During the time of Dickens it was owned by Mr. J. R. Hewitt, who used to say that, although Dickens would frequently come behind the counter and make use of the desk for writing orders and other matters of business, and although he and Mr. Hewitt were always on the best of terms, he could never be prevailed upon to make use of the somewhat quieter and certainly more comfortable sitting room at the back of the shop for such purposes. His own name, and those of his family, are found preserved in the account books. It was an old established pharmacy even when Dickens patronised it, and still bears many evidences of its antiquity, in the old jars and bottles on the shelves, in the drug mills fixed to posts in the cellar, and in the style of its windows, which in former years contained, by way of decoration, little more than the customary carboy of coloured liquid (the old pharmacy sign) and such commodities as cinnamon and rhubarb. Mr. Frith always took a great pleasure in pointing out the desk in the shop upon which the novelist had written scores of times. It is to be regretted that this interesting Pharmacy has passed from private ownership, but it is a sign of the times. It is understood that it will remain unaltered for the time being.

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Cobham Park. There is, another and an excellent piece of news from Kentish Dickensland. The Corporation of Rochester has purchased 2,300 acres of Cobham Park from the Earl of Darnley. The Darnleys have lived in Cobham Hall for two centuries and it is good to know that the association is to be maintained, for the family is to continue to reside there and will retain a portion of the park surrounding the beautiful Elizabethan mansion. In this part of the park still stands the Chalet from Gad's Hill Place. Dickens was very fond of walks in the park, the last being taken but two days before he died. Now it is to furnish "a lung for the people of the Medway Towns," said the Mayor of Rochester. A portion of it will be used for building development, but we trust that the great beauty of the park will be left unspoiled. The Earls of Darnley have been most generous in the freedom with which the public has been admitted to the park for a great many years and now this privilege is assured for all time.

* * * * *

Copperfield's Roman Bath. An interesting account of the position with regard to this familiar relic, recently appeared in the *Times*. Although it is undoubtedly the bath in which we are told David took a plunge, it seems that its Roman origin is now in some doubt. Since 1922 it had belonged to the late Rev. Pennington Bickford, rector of the adjacent and now destroyed Church of St. Clement Danes and since the air-raids of 1941 has been boarded up. But it has not been entirely forgotten; a friend of many years, Mr. Montague Meyer, a timber merchant in the Adelphi, offered to buy it and to present it for preservation to the National Trust. This body will agree to accept it if the London County Council will maintain it. The latter, however, is for the present only willing to be responsible

for it for three years, during which time its authenticity will be investigated. In the meanwhile, Mr. Meyer has been informed that the L.C.C. and the Ancient Monuments Branch of the Ministry of Works are of the opinion that the bath is no older than the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The National Trust would appear to think that even if that is so, the bath is well worthy of preservation. Pre-war visitors to it will doubtless share the scepticism with which its Roman origin is regarded—it may be true that little sign of Roman externals are visible—but we are most concerned that David Copperfield's bath should be preserved. The nation's thanks are due to Mr. Meyer for his generous offer.

* * * * *

Dickensian Locomotives. A writer in a recent issue of *Modern Transport* has some entertaining suggestions to make on this subject:

"Not once only have we commented on this page on the old and fascinating game of choosing names for locomotives. It comes freshly, like a hardy perennial, and the possibility of much scrapping and building on the Southern Railway suggests new possibilities in this line. The steam locomotive may disappear from Kent, Surrey and Sussex, but why should not the new electric locomotives be named? The former North British Railway made great play with literary names drawn from Scott's novels; now is the chance for the Southern, which has already exhausted Tennyson, Mallory, and everyone else who delved the Arthurian story, to produce a Dickens class. Be it remembered that a South Eastern locomotive very properly chopped Mr. Carker to pieces in *Dombey and Son*. "Charles Dickens" is, of course, an honoured engine name, though associated with the London and North Western and not the South Eastern, that line of mournful numbers. It would be pleasant to see *Rogue Riderhood* tearing through autumnal evening mists with the up *Golden Arrow*; it would be a far, far better thing to watch *Sidney Carton* pointing for Paris, and *Samuel Pickwick* would look good sliding over icy conductor rails on a Kentish Christmastide. One may boggle at the imagined spectacle of *The Fat Boy* waddling along with a pick-up goods, unless he were an ex-Government Austerity saddle tank—and, as already noticed, steam will be out of the picture in the south-east. But *Tracy Tupman* and *Nathaniel Winkle*, not to mention *Bill Sikes* and *Fagin* would, we think, be greatly preferable to *Sir Meliot de Logres* and other chivalrous crackjaws that yet rampage on the present steam-hauled trains. The London and North Eastern has long appropriated *Captain Cuttle*, via the racecourse, which is not cricket, but *Mr. Toots*, we suggest, is an appropriate name for an engine, whether it whistles by steam or compressed air."

* * * * *

This is Our Magazine. From time to time we have heard it stated that *The Dickensian* does not pay due regard to the activities of the Dickens Fellowship throughout the world. These last two years have demonstrated the difficulties. Yet another effort has been made to induce Honorary Secretaries to send brief Branch reports to the Editor. Brief, because a collection of lengthy ones would throw the magazine out of balance and in any case, detailed reports are only of purely local interest. Secretaries have been asked to send reports, not newspaper cuttings, of about two hundred words, but the response has not been large. If they arrive they will be printed, but the labours of editorship preclude the continued canvassing of such reports. So will Secretaries, both at home and overseas, please remember to send? If, gentle reader, you do not see *your* Branch reported from time to time, ask your Secretary the reason.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

DICKENS AND GERMANY

BY FRANK A. GIBSON

I

DICKENS shared to the full and with characteristic generosity the high opinion of the Germans which was fashionable in his day. In 1841, Dr. Heinrich Kuenzel, of Darmstadt, wrote to solicit his support for a proposed Anglo-German magazine, to be named *Britannia*, and Dickens replied on September 13th (the original has apparently vanished and the letter exists only in a contemporary German translation)* :

> " . . . What shall I say about the *Britannia* ? That you have my best wishes, that my most cordial sympathy and interest are yours ? That you have known for some time past."

(Kuenzel had corresponded with Dickens as early as 1838, when he had written to the youthful Boz to obtain particulars of his life for the Brockhaus popular encyclopædia.)

Dickens's letter continued :

> " Believe me, dear sir—and I tell you so quite frankly—next to the favour and good opinion of my own countrymen I prize above all the esteem of the German people. I honour and admire them more than I can express. I know that the Germans, with their great intellectual gifts and culture (*Ausbildung*), are the chosen people of the earth. I was never prouder and happier than when I first learnt that my writings had been favourably received by them.
>
> " I can be indifferent to nothing that links English literature with Germany. . . . I wish to Heaven I could speak German, however badly. If I could, I should be with you in six months."

It almost seems as if Dickens (who was at that moment writing No. 77 of *Master Humphrey's Clock*) had involuntarily calculated the three or four months necessary to complete *Barnaby*, and added a couple more in which to brush up his German and complete his preparations to descend on the land idealised by Thomas Carlyle. However, six days later, on September 19th, Dickens was writing to Forster that he had decided to go to America. It would be unreasonable to mourn the non-gestation of *German Notes*, but it is a sad and serious thought to what extent such a book, if it had been possible, might have influenced European history.

II

A hundred years ago, in the early summer of 1846, Dickens paid his only visit to Germany. Fleeing from the editorship of the newspaper he had founded, he took his family up the Rhine on his way to Lausanne, where he intended to write his new book. The party, Forster tells us, halted at Ostend, Verviers, Coblence and Mannheim, and reached Strasburg on June 7th, when the river was looking its best. At Mayence a curious incident had occurred. " A German came on board and accosted Mrs. Dickens on deck in excellent English : ' Your countryman, Mr. Dickens, is travelling this way just now, our papers say. Do you know him, or have you passed him anywhere ? ' Explanations ensuing it turned out, by one of the odd chances my friend thought himself always singled out for, that he had with him a letter of introduction to the brother of this gentleman ; who then

* Another translation is, however, stated to have appeared as recently as 1915 in the literary supplement of the newspaper, *Taegliche Rundschau*, now defunct. If this was a second translation, the interesting question arises whether the original letter may not still be extant.

spoke to him of the popularity of his books in Germany and of the many persons he had seen reading them in the steamboats as he came along." Dickens remarked how great his vexation was not to be able himself to speak a word of German, and the German replied: "Oh dear! that needn't trouble you, for even in so small a town as ours, where we are mostly primitive people and have few travellers, I could make a party of at least forty people who understand and speak English as well as I do; and of at least as many more who could manage to read you in the original." The lingually gifted town was Worms, which Dickens afterwards saw and described as "a fine old place, though greatly shrunken and decayed in respect of its population; with a picturesque old cathedral standing on the brink of the Rhine, and some brave old churches shut up and so hemmed in and overgrown with vineyards that they look as if they were turning into leaves and grapes."

The Liebfrauenkirche, Worms, 1829.

By courtesy of Messrs. Walter T. Spencer.

NOTE—Worms Cathedral stands in the city away from the Rhine—*Editor.*

The fact that the German papers—not remarkable in those days for the extent of their information—had published early news of the movements of the distinguished visitor is symptomatic of the keen interest felt in Germany for the author of works then ranging from the *Sketches* and *Pickwick* to *The Chimes* and *Chuzzlewit*. Dickens's admiration of Germany was in fact already paralleled by Germany's appreciation of Dickens. There can be few countries in Europe where his books were read with greater enjoyment, and certainly none which surpassed Germany in the eagerness which greeted the first translations. Heinrich Laube read *Pickwick* on a journey abroad in 1839, and he

wrote many years later in his Memoirs: "The last new book which appeared at that time cheered me up admirably on my way; it was *Die Pickwickier* by Dickens. 'So there is still humorous talent of great power,' I exclaimed; 'The world is not so bitter as we had thought!'" To Germany just as much as to England, *Pickwick* came "as a burst of sunshine, dispersing the prevalent gloom"; or, as the famous author Gustav Freytag put it in after years, "like a melody from his father's house falling unexpectedly on the wanderer's ears." One publishing house, Westermann of Brunswick, began its long career in 1839 with, as its first publication, *Leben und Abenteuer des Nicolaus Nickleby*; and included in an advertising page in the volumes a comparison of German and English authors which would have landed the publishers in a concentration camp under one later régime.* Nor was it only the publishing houses which hailed *Boz* with delight. German periodicals also featured extracts both in translation and the original. One curious and ill-fated German magazine, printed in English under the title *The British Museum: A Choice Selection from the Works of the Most Celebrated English Authors*, began to publish extracts from Dickens in 1838, and in 1841 reproduced the first chapters of *The Old Curiosity Shop* under the impression that it was to be a short story. To satisfy its readers it continued and enlarged the extracts, to the eventual exclusion of all other matter. A long supplement at the end of the year concluded the tale; and then, sad to relate and presumably owing to the normal effects of keen competition and good translations, *The British Museum* expired.

III

Whether or not Professor Dibelius's "Charles Dickens" (1916) is, as has been claimed, "the outstanding study of Dickens in any language" is perhaps a matter of opinion. It should surely be possible to publish an outstanding study of so popular an author as Dickens which would itself be popular. But it is certain that Dibelius's work, though written in the German manner and for Germans, and reflecting, not altogether ruefully, an astonishing amount of study, is in its way a very valuable and great tribute to a great subject. *A Tale of Two Cities*, writes Dibelius, "is Dickens's supreme achievement in the field of serious romance, as *Copperfield* is the height of his idyllic art and *Pickwick* his humorous masterpiece." "Sober criticism," he continues, "will concede immortality only to *Pickwick*, *Copperfield*, the *Carol* and perhaps *Oliver Twist* and the *Tale of Two Cities*." It is reassuring to notice the second reference to the "Tale."

Among German readers of Dickens, Friedrich Spielhagen, famous author of *Hammer und Ambosz*, shared Dibelius's liking for *Copperfield*. During his English studies at the University of Berlin in 1850, he became, he writes, an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens. "His wonderful *Copperfield* had just appeared, and I devoured it." When a fellow-student and close friend left Berlin for a fortnight that Christmas (*Copperfield* was completed in November, 1850) Spielhagen "sat *day and night* translating the book into German," with "a mighty piece of which" he intended to surprise his friend on his return; for "he knew no English, a printed translation had not yet appeared, and I wanted him also to enjoy that delicious book so far as lay in my power." A memorable Christmas, generously spent, as Dickens himself might have spent it, if he had been disciple and not master!

Copperfield was, however, read in Germany in the monthly parts, as is shown by the following passage written by the famous critic, Julian

* The second and tenth publications of this famous house were the *Sketches* and *Oliver Twist*.

Schmidt, in 1859 : " When *Copperfield* appeared in 1849, man, woman and child in Germany waited with impatient eagerness for each new monthly number, and, much as our heads were filled in those days with politics, there was on the whole more discussion about Dora and Agnes than about Radowitz and Manteuffel."

From 1837 onwards (when the first volume of a German version of *Pickwick* was published by Weber of Leipzig) the translations of Dickens's works were not only early, but so numerous that it would be very difficult to compile a complete bibliography. Almost from the start the German versions were accompanied by at least some of the Cruikshank and Phiz illustrations, admirably re-engraved. One handsome library edition, available until recently in Germany, contained not only all the illustrations on plate paper but facsimile reproductions of all the original title-pages. Early proofs of *Master Humphrey's Clock* were sent both to America and Germany, and in the well-known letter from Dickens to an early translator, Johann August Diezmann (the name is erroneously printed in the collected *Letters* " S. A. Dietzman "), Dickens alluded to this fact (mentioned in Dickens's letter to George Cattermole of Jan. 13th, 1840) and said he owed " a long arrear of thanks " to those who had " undertaken the laborious (and often, I fear, very irksome) task of clothing me in the German garb." Dickens was also well satisfied with the arrangement made with Bernhard Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, for the publication under certain conditions of his works on the Continent in English, and it was Tauchnitz whom Dickens consulted before completing in 1856 the agreement for the issue of the authorised French version of his works by Messrs. Hachette of Paris.

It is not the intention of this article to suggest that there was never any criticism of Dickens in Germany. There was, in fact, a very great deal, though the ultra-modern pose at the bottom of much Dickensian criticism did not, as in Dickens's own country, begin almost with Dickens himself ; early enthusiasm in a politically and socially depressed Germany was too strong for that, and the German seldom does things by halves. Before long, however, German literary critics began to look around and discover in Dickens that looseness of construction which modern science tells us is such a notable feature of the universe. It is a curious fact that almost at the very time when Julian Schmidt was placing Dora and Agnes above Radowitz and Manteuffel, the German writer, Luise Sigmann, concluded (in her book, *Die englische Literatur von* 1800 *bis* 1850 *im Urteil der zeitgenoessischen deutschen Kritik*) that Dickens's fame was by then a thing of the past. The political events indicated by Schmidt had, in fact, preoccupied the critics to an extent which misled Sigmann ; Schmidt knew better. In general, however, it must be said that while, as the French critic, Alain, has recently pointed out, those who appreciate Dickens find they are talking about themselves, many of the critics who analyse Dickens show eventually that they are talking about little or nothing. One criticism cancels another. One critic finds that Dickens revels in murders and the melodramatic description of horrible details, another that he has (especially by modern standards) far too few murders, and, as in the Chuzzlewit crime, always leaves too much to the imagination. An unusually pungent and suggestive criticism was made by Otto Ludwig when he wrote : " In Boz, the chief thing is the exposure of limitations, friendly and malevolent ; limitations of persons in rank, degree of education, trade, age, passion and enthusiasm." Here the critic nearly places his finger on the secret of the eternal fascination of Dickens's creations. But it is not the whole truth. Where, for instance, are the limitations in such a character as Agnes ? They are there, undoubtedly ; but they are not to be found in *David Copperfield*.

The somewhat archaic character of contemporary German literature and the petty provincialism of German life itself were repeatedly offered as explanations of Dickens's unprecedented popularity in Germany. German literature, it was thought, had not merely been on a wrong tack, but was bound to be because of its lack of united national feeling, its lack of a great centre such as London. It was rather like saying: no *Copperfield*, no *Sketches by Boz*. As to the dullness of German life, Madame de Staël offers interesting testimony in a letter to Goethe, in which she says that Prussian women should be astonished to find themselves grow old, "for they do and say the same things for sixty years on end, and time ought not to move when thoughts, sentiments and circumstances are stationary." But that a petty provincialism could have killed Boz is unthinkable; he would merely have put it in the centre of the universe. The only known Londoner in the Pickwick Club, Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate), was the only one who was nearly thrown out. The Club itself and its aims were gloriously provincial.

IV

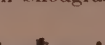
Much has been written by German and English writers on real or fancied resemblances in Dickens and German authors. David marries Dora and Agnes, and Georg marries Hermine and Paula—and so on *ad infinitum*. It is not altogether clear how much of this is complimentary to the famous German authors concerned. Presumably by implication it is complimentary to Dickens; but surely the greatest compliment of this kind is paid by those authors who do not imitate mere externals but whose work reflects something of the spirit of Dickens. One such is Theodor Fontane, whose autobiography would have delighted Dickens, quite apart from the fact that just as Dickens had somehow or other come to regard the Germans as "the chosen people," so Fontane had undoubtedly in his earlier years looked to England as "the land of promise." In his book of deliciously Dickensian humour and pregnant description of his earlier years, Fontane tells of the incredible delight with which he received the news while on Palace guard in Unter den Linden that he might travel to England. In England everything was all right, all were free, happy and probably prosperous; this was the ideal land for which his soul thirsted. He came (down the Elbe by river boat from, I think, Magdeburg, and then across the North Sea); he saw—and his ideals stood the strain well. At that time all eyes in Germany were turned to the island which, as a matter of course, had produced *Boz* after those other old German favourites, Scott, Smollet, Fielding, Sterne, Swift, Defoe and Shakespeare. Everything that was any good in Germany was half English. Fontane, for instance, belonged to a newly-founded and select Berlin club which had to be named "The Tunnel *over* the Spree" (for short, "*Der Tunnel*") in compliment to the newly-created wonder, the tunnel under the Thames. Yes, Dickens would have liked Fontane, his friendship with whom would have been a link between three countries; for Fontane, a born and fervent Prussian patriot (his father had been a critical spectator on the Prussian side—in short, had "fought"—at the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig) had not a drop of German blood in his veins, his parents, grandparents and later ancestors being all of pure Huguenot descent. Fontane's father was a richly Dickensian type. At some time in his early life he sold a chemist's shop which he had worked successfully, and with his profits lived a semi-retired and Micawberish existence, after a few years of which he set out to buy another chemist's business. His method of doing this was to journey extensively in a dog-cart, and his son acquired the impression that this was his father's ideal life—always looking for a chemist's shop and never finding one. One of these journeys brought

him to Eisleben, whence he wrote to his wife a letter exclusively full (apart from a preliminary account of the stabling of his horse) of enthusiasm for the fact that here at Eisleben the great Protestant hero, Luther, had been born in 1483. Fontane's mother showed Theodor this letter many years afterwards, remarking: "Da hast Du dein Vater als Liebhaber" ("There you have your father as lover"), and adding, "Wenn man so 'was huebsches hat, hebt man's auf." ("When one has anything as pretty as that, one keeps it.") It would, perhaps, be wrong to argue that the character of a man who lived before Dickens could not be derived from Dickens. Fontane's father exists for us through the pen of his son, Theodor, who was undoubtedly under Dickens's influence.

In 1852 Fontane was again in London, and wrote:

> "Boz-Dickens is my near neighbour and resides ten paces from me in a delightful, garden-like detached house. I have not yet had the courage to visit him, and shall probably not have in the future, particularly as I know that he is overrun by Germans and wearied with the customary admiring phrases. But I often visit the park before his house, never without cherishing the pious hope that the cool air that breathes there may bring to me something of the spirit that lives and works in this place."

And personally, when I think of the spirit of Dickens in Germany, I think not of learned tomes or authoritative voices in the Aula, but of the simple German woman of the people listening to a last reading of *Nikolaus* before she died; of the little East Prussian who could always say, if one had forgotten, *who* was the friend, Short or Codlin; of old Eckelmann of the Linden, who in bad times bought a ticket for his secretary and sent her to see *Copperfield* in office hours. And thinking of these I ask with Snodgrass and Baldwin: "Why *did* he go sideways?"



EARLY DRAMAS OF *OLIVER TWIST*

BY MALCOLM MORLEY

FOLLOWING the monthly numbers of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* came the serial issue, in *Bentley's Magazine*, of *Oliver Twist*, by "Boz," beginning in February, 1837. Like Mr. Pickwick, young Oliver soon found a way to the stage. Before his adventures had ended in print, he was to be the hero of several theatrical ventures.

Charles Dickens had a great partiality for little Oliver and was keen on introducing the lad to the stage. There is the novelist's letter to Frederick Yates of the Adelphi, containing the suggestion that preliminaries be arranged to their mutual satisfaction and that Dickens himself should make the dramatisation. Nothing came of Boz's offer, although in due time, Yates was to stage a version of the story, the adaptation being done by J. Stirling Coyne.

Meanwhile, what had Dickens done about his stage intentions towards Oliver? Had they completely evaporated? Boz was not without claims to being a playwright at that time. Three pieces from his pen had been produced, one after the other, at the St. James's Theatre under John Braham's management. These were *The Strange Gentleman*, *The Village Coquettes* and *Is She his Wife? or, Something Singular*. Not one of them had been a failure. In fact, *The Strange Gentleman* may be accounted a success, considering it was given over sixty times during the season of its production. The play was also revived the following season at the theatre, being intermittently in the bill during the early part of 1838, as was *Is She His Wife?* The date

brings us close to *Oliver Twist*, a dramatisation of which, the first to be made, was produced at the St. James's on Tuesday, March 27th, 1838.

In all three of the plays written by Dickens for the St. James's, leading rôles had been created by John Pritt Harley, a long-established comedian and a favourite of the author. Boz, of course, had access to the Green Room of the theatre and, knowing his love of the stage, it may well be presumed he talked an amount of "shop" with his friend Harley. The Green Room of those days was an institution much in use by all connected with the theatre and must surely have heard discourse on the dramatic pieces Boz had written or was going to write. It is more than likely that his friend, the comedian, was not without knowledge of the *Oliver Twist* dramatisation simmering in the novelist's mind.

Is there any significance in the fact that the very first adaptation of the story was brought out at the St. James's ? There was a degree of secrecy about the production, as though the management was apprehensive of results. The regular advertisement of the theatre in *The Times* and other daily papers did not appear on March 27th, nor on the following day. From March 29th onwards a list of the pieces being shown at the St. James's was printed. But the two previous nights the playhouse might well have been closed as far as the public could gather from lack of press announcements. The occasion of March 27th was possibly a Benefit performance with the recipient directly or indirectly saving on the cost of advertising. A playbill of that particular night would supply some useful information. Is there one that has survived ?

Oliver Twist could not have been given for more than two performances, (and that granting there was a second performance on March 28th, the evening following the production), though Adair Fitzgerald claims the piece retained a place in the bills for several weeks. If the advertisements of the St. James's until the end of the season are to be believed, it did not. On March 29th, *Is She His Wife?* was back, sharing the programme with three other plays by different authors. The Dickens dramatisation was seen no more.

This first stage version of *Oliver Twist* is not extant, so we may not judge its merits in reading. What, however, is to be said against such criticisms as the following, all taken from contemporary journals. *Actors by Daylight :* "a very meagre and dull affair and the sooner taken from the bills the better" ; *The Literary Gazette :* "a thing more unfit for any stage, except that of a Penny Theatre, we never saw" ; and from another magazine: "It was consigned by the audience to the lower depths of Tartarus".

A cutting from a magazine, again an unidentified publication, complains that the dramatiser of *Oliver Twist*, a new piece to be produced at the St. James's Theatre, hardly used Dickens fairly in adapting his story before it was half finished. The suggestion is then made that the novelist should have written and prepared the piece for that stage himself. Such advice is easy. The dramatisation was unclaimed ; it could be the work of anybody of no note. The successful Boz might well be presumed to give better expression to his own characters on the stage than a mere unknown. Yet, in view of Dickens's connection with the St. James's, he must surely have had knowledge of that unknown ; and equally, surely, have conferred in little, or in full, with him upon the adaptation of *Oliver Twist*.

Mrs. Stirling appeared as Nancy, and other players in the cast were Wright (later the Adelphi comedian), J. Webster, Alfred Wigan, Hart and Miss Allison. Harley acted Bumble, a part more fitted to the genial pomposity of Henry Hall, who was cast for Bill Sikes. As Stage Manager (the producer of those days) Harley, no doubt, allotted to

Royal Pavilion Theatre,

NEVER ACTED!

A NEW DRAMA, from "OLIVER TWIST," by "BOZ."

Mr. & Mrs. YATES Every Evening this Week.

On MONDAY, MAY 21st, 1838, and DURING THE WEEK,

Will be presented, an entirely New Domestic Burletta to be entitled

OLIVER TWIST!

Or, the Parish Boy's Progress!

Adapted from "BOZ's" celebrated Tale of the same name.

Bumble.....*(a Magistrate)*.....Mr. R. COLLIER. Brownlow.....Mr. COBHAM.
Monk'.....Mr. J. R. WILLIAMS. Sowerberry.....*(an Undertaker)*.....Mr. TONGMAN.
Fagin.....*(a Jew)*....Mr. LYON. Noah Claypole.....*(a Charity Boy)*.....Mr. G. NORMAN.
Bill Sikes.....*(a Burglar)*....Mr S. SMITH. Dawkins.....*(the Artful Dodger)*.....Mr. DRY.
Charley Bates.....*(a Pickpocket)*...Mr. DILLON. Mr. Bumble.....*(a Parish Beadle)*.....Mr. H. BEVERLEY.
Oliver Twist.....*(a Parish Orphan)*.....Miss CARSON.
Nancy.....*(Sikes' Wife)*..Miss MEARS. Mrs Corney.....*(Matron of the Workhouse)*..Mrs. FOSBROOK.
Female Pauper.....Mrs. JOHNSON. *Clerks, Officers, Paupers, Servants, &c.*

Programme of the Scenery and Incidents:

Act I.--THE WORKHOUSE.

INTERIOR OF "THE THREE CRIPPLES."

A little party: select, if not respectable—The *Watch*—The Advertisement—The Scheme

A ROOM IN ST. NICHOLAS' WORKHOUSE.

The Matron and the Beadle..The Parish Orphans. Oliver asks for more, and is likely to get more than he asks for...Arrival of the Magistrate.
Oliver Twist is very near getting a *place* which would be no *sinecure*

SOWERBERRY'S SHOP.

Oliver being offered another place, makes his first entry into public life. A Chimney Boy and a Workhouse Orphan. *A diversion without a difference*
Oliver's setting up a sport...The return of Sowerberry and Brother

THE ESCAPE OF OLIVER TWIST.

ACT SECOND

ADVENTURES in LONDON.

THE APPROACH TO LONDON FROM ISLINGTON.

Oliver's arrival in Town...He meets with a strange Young Gentleman who forms a friendship for him.

FAGIN'S ABODE.

A respectable kind old Gentleman at home...Oliver introduced to him and a very hopeful youth...A little mystery...Expert Workmen...Good Examples.
Arrival of a new visitor...An unexpected meeting.

ROOM IN THE WORKHOUSE.

Certain passages of a *tender* nature between Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney.

STREET IN CLERKENWELL.

Oliver left in the lurch...Fagin's dismay...Sikes' resources.

AN APARTMENT IN BROWNLOW'S HOUSE.

Oliver taken better care of than ever he was before...Some particulars concerning a certain Picture. *A Surprise*...Oliver forced to quit at a short notice

FAGIN'S DEN.

Reverts to the merry Old Gentleman and his youthful friends, and various other pleasant matters appertaining to this history. The merry Old Jew and his friends get very fond of Oliver...Oliver finds a friend where he least expects one.

GUILT—SHAME—and—REMORSE.

Act 3.--THE DISCOVERY.

Sikes' Dwelling.—A notable plan discussed and determined on—**An Obscure Street.**

THE EXPEDITION. - MEETING OF MONKS AND FAGIN.

SCULLERY IN BROWNLOW'S HOUSE.

THE BURGLARY.

A STREET.—The Escape—An Eaves-dropper—Bold determination of Monks—**All hands to action.**

APARTMENT IN BROWNLOW'S HOUSE.

The Prisoner. Oliver in danger. Whereas this strange eventful history draws to a conclusion. The Peril. The RESCUE.

OLIVER'S REVENGE——DEATH OF MONKS.

The earliest known playbill of an *Oliver Twist* production.

This version, the second to appear, was given at the Royal Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel. Mr. & Mrs. Yates appeared in the after-pieces, announced on the latter part of the playbill.

By courtesy, *Enthoven Collection*, Victoria and Albert Museum.

himself what was the more prominent part. Was he not the first player in the dramatic gallery of Boz at the St. James's ? Had he not been the representative of the Strange Gentleman, of Martin Stokes, in *The Village Coquettes* and of Felix Tapkins in *Is She His Wife?* And had he not appeared in person as Mr. Pickwick ? The effort was not in a play, but in the character of that cherubic worthy when Harley sang a song about "a Whitebait Dinner at Blackwall" at his Benefit on March 13th, 1837. And the song was "edited expressly for Mr. Pickwick by his biographer, Boz," so the playbill ran.

No name is given to the first adapter of *Oliver Twist*, but, considering the amicable relations existing at the theatre, the thought takes shape, conjecture though it be, that Harley, or Dickens even, might have been trying out something which either, or both, had had a hand in, anonymity being diplomatically preserved when the play proved a failure.

In a general way it was assumed that the dramatisation was the work of Gilbert Abbot à Beckett, who at that time was engaged at the St. James's as acting-manager and dramatist-to-hand, turning out pieces on demand, mostly translations of French vaudevilles and English libretti for the operas in which manager Braham sang. He was a young man at the time, rapidly making a name for himself. One of his later achievements was a share in the founding of *Punch*, the first number of that periodical appearing in 1841.

The St. James's playwright was not without enemies, jealous rivals no doubt. His regular position at the theatre was no sinecure, if journalistic fury be taken into account. It was probably an envious and overlooked dramatist who wrote of à Beckett in that unrestrained publication, *Actors by Daylight*, in 1838 :

"This fellow stands foremost upon the list of ungrateful vagabonds, who suck, as it were, the heart's blood of their too confiding employer. While this unprincipled, ignoramus figures as acting manager, the theatre must retain its present degrading and degraded reputation."

After enumerating Gilbert à Beckett's plays at the St. James's, the writer continues : "To what tune he must have done poor Braham for the recompense for this mass of rubbish we cannot say, but judging from his improved appearance, it must have been something considerable. Those that remember him hanging about the stage-door of the Victoria almost shirtless, must conclude we are no great way out. For the present we have done with this egregious scamp, but if we again behold him thrusting his detested person into our notice, we shall recall to his mind the public chastisement he received from Mr. Edwin of the Surrey Theatre."

All this vilification upon the head of the man who was to be one of the founders of *Punch* and a future Magistrate. Gilbert A. à Beckett's plays were no worse, if no better, than those of most of his contemporaries.

To return to the early appearances of *Oliver Twist* on the stage. The second dramatisation (see playbill on opposite page) of the novel was by C. Z. Barnett, given on May 21st, 1838, as *Oliver Twist, or, The Parish Boy's Progress*, at the Pavilion Theatre in the Mile End Road, a playhouse recently taken over by Frederick Yates and his partner Gladstone as a kind of chapel of ease to their West End house, the Adelphi. The piece did not last long and evidently made no great impression on the managers, for when they brought the Parish Boy to their more fashionable theatre in the Strand, nine months later, it was not the Barnett extraction.

The third adaptation, *Oliver Twist*, by George Almar, produced at the Surrey on November 19th of the same year, was the most successful of its time. Made without his consent, it was a version that did not please Dickens. He went in company with Foster to the Surrey and

during the performance expressed his displeasure in no uncertain manner. In the middle of the first scene, he laid himself down upon the floor in the corner of the box and never rose from it until the drop-scene fell. Was he making comparisons with the St. James's production seven months previously ?

The cast at the Surrey was strongly on the side of melodrama. Heslop, at his best in character parts, played Fagin and E. F. Saville, an actor of transpontine heroics, adapted himself to Bill Sikes. A Master Owen was Oliver. Generally the character was taken by an actress, and not always to the novelist's satisfaction. His own words were, " If it be played by a female it should be a very sharp girl of thirteen or fourteen, not more, or the character would be an absurdity." The Artful Dodger was Ross, a diminutive droll, and Bumble was portrayed by the leery and beery W. Smith, a comedian loved of the Surrey audiences.

George Almar, responsible for the Surrey dramatisation, over-acted Toby Crackit ; he always over-acted. Many a flamboyant melodrama came from Almar's pen and he was quite an enterprising adapter. Cervantes (*Don Quixote*), Eugene Süe (*Attar Gull*) and Victor Hugo (*Lucretia Borgia*) were all brought by him to the English stage. And the very first play of Alexandre Dumas *père* to reach London, *The Tower of Nesle*, was in a translation by this " penny plain twopenny coloured " actor-author-manager. The titles of some of his other dramas attest his liking of the lurid : *Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine, The Headsman of Vienna* and *Gaspardo the Gondolier, or The Three Banished Men of Milan.*

In *Oliver Twist*, Almar trudged after the novel. He followed the story, in what might be termed a stage transcript, through three acts and thirty-one scenes, to the murder of Nancy and the death of Sikes, incidents that had only appeared in the October issue of *Bentley's*, when the serial finished six weeks before the play was produced. G. B. Davidge, manager of the Surrey, made much of the moral values of the play. It was his way always to insist on the righteousness of the pieces at his theatre, whether military, nautical, criminal, or low-life.

Almar's version seems to be the only one of the early dramas on the subject done in London to reach America, where, shortly after the Surrey showing, it was produced in New York at the Winter Garden Theatre.

On December 3rd, 1838, both the City of London and Sadlers Wells came forward with dramas taken from the novel. Edward Stirling supplied *Oliver Twist, or The Workhouse Boy* to the former theatre, where the year previously he had given *The Pickwick Club*, first of all the full length Dickens dramatisations. Bill Sikes was played by the rough and ready Richard Shepherd, afterwards lessee of the Surrey, and Nancy by Mrs. Shepherd. Fagin was the actor-author Andrew Leonard Voullaire Campbell and Bumble fell to a very low comedian, John Gardner.

Employing nomenclature similar to *Boz's Pickwick*, given at Sadlers Wells on August 12th, 1837, Thomas Greenwood, the manager, announced his own versoin as *Boz's Oliver Twist, or, The Parish Boy's Progress.* In this, Mrs. Honner appeared as the Parish Boy. Of her Dickens had written, " I have never seen Mrs. Honner to the best of my recollection, but from the mere circumstance of her being a Mrs. I should say at once she was ' many sizes too big ' Oliver." The lady's husband, joint-manager of the Wells with Greenwood, was Fagin and Benjamin Conquest, the first of the famous theatrical family of Conquest, made an amusing Bumble, a part regarded then as the perquisite of the first low comedian in a theatrical company. One of the best performances was the Sikes of J. Lee, the same Lee who had played Jingle at the Strand.

Another and more important " Mrs." was to appear as Oliver under the playgoing eyes of Charles Dickens. This was Mrs. Keeley, by no means a very sharp female, though, in her line, an excellent actress. She played the part in the version, long delayed, at the Adelphi ; *Oliver Twist*, a drama in two acts manufactured by J. Stirling Coyne, the first night of which was on February 25th, 1839. The production was not much of a success, despite the particularly interesting cast. Edward Wright, who had played in the St. James's version the previous year, was the Artful Dodger, but Harry Beverley, the first low comedian at the Adelphi that season, claimed Bumble. The irrepressible Wright was soon to supplant Beverley in his position of king comic at the theatre and to appear in all the succeeding Dickens dramatisations staged at that house for the next decade. O. Smith, of gnarled features and sepulchral voice, played Bill Sikes, Brownlow fell to Frank Matthews, Grimwig to J. Wilkinson (the Sam Weller in *The Pickwick Club* at the City of London) and Rose Maylie to Miss Fortescue. Frederick Yates, the manager and director, acted Fagin, while his wife, Mrs. Yates, for long the herione of Adelphi drama, wallowed in the woes of Nancy. No matter the splendid roster of players, the piece had only a limited number of performances. The Adelphi closed for the season the next month and *Oliver Twist according to Coyne* came to an end.

After the first batch of early dramas, the novel was shown but little on the stage for the next sixteen years, after which numerous new versions, faithful and unfaithful to Dickens, began to invade the playhouses. They spread over the century into the next. A notable dramatisation was that by J. Comyns Carr, given by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's in 1905. The last production of an *Oliver Twist* drama in a London theatre proper was at the Lyceum on November 25th, 1912. The adapter was not recorded and it seems to have been a scissors and paste version made up from others that had gone before. Before that there had been the new adaptation by Walter Dexter and Frederick T. Harry, presented by the Dickens Fellowship at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, on December 13th, 1909, with that Dickensian thespian, Bransby Williams, playing Fagin. It is good to know the dramatic activities of the Fellowship have been resumed.

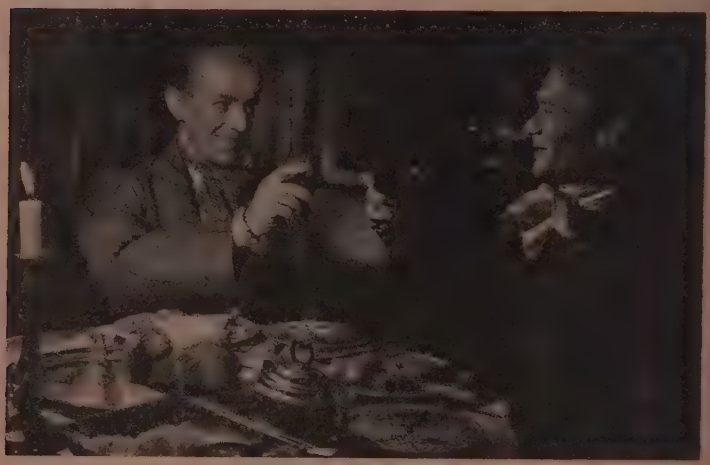
GREAT EXPECTATIONS REALISED

LONG and eagerly awaited, the first Dickens novel to reach the cinema screen since the war, *Great Expectations* made its appearance in London just before Christmas. It proved to have been well worth waiting for and it fully realised all that its title implies. We shall be forgiven if we rejoice that this is British for it is indeed an artistic production to be proud of: both a good film and a worthy transcription of a great book. The London critics were ecstatic in their praise, claiming that it was the finest British film of the year. But readers of the present notice will want to know how it strikes the Dickensian rather than the general film-goer. There shall be no hesitation in stating my conviction that few Dickens lovers will be disappointed.

Let me deal with those few first. The keen Dickensian topographer will certainly experience some little disappointment. The church on the marshes is unlike any church known to me in that part of Kent and one has to be very sharp indeed to catch a glimpse of the lozenge tomestones of Pip's brothers and sisters. Then one wonders why Pip

has to traverse a long sea wall to reach the churchyard from the forge. In London, Pip is endowed with very long sight in being able to witness a hanging at Newgate from Jagger's windows in Little Britain and the coach on which Pip travels to London appears to end its journey in the middle of St. Paul's Churchyard. There is much about the Ship Inn which does not tally with the inn in the novel. These inconsistences and a few others of a like nature, will, in any case, worry but a very few of the film's hundreds of thousands of patrons.

The story as told in the book is very closely followed and it is surprising how much of it is included. Truly, some minor characters are omitted, but the old adage about the quart and the pint pot holds good in the film world as it does in others. Trabb's immortal boy is a casualty and so is Miss Skiffins. Orlick is perhaps not so sorely



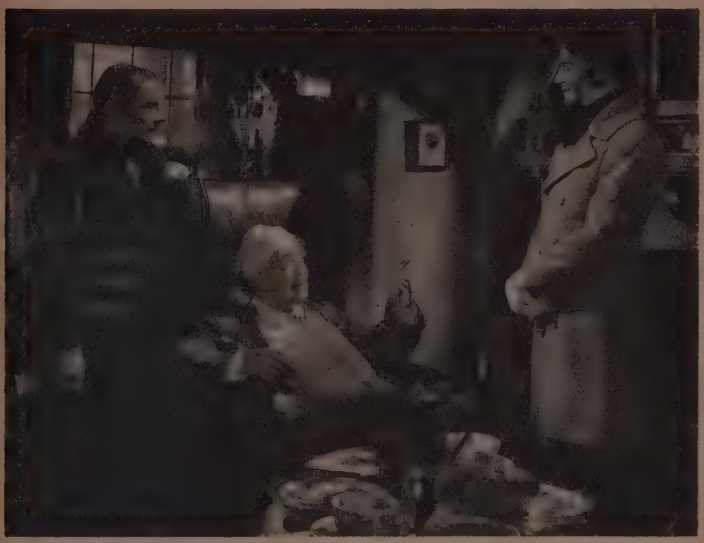
Herbert Pocket and Pip.

missed, but his absence does make Mrs. Joe's sudden demise especially sudden. Having said thus much there is little else I would complain of.

The atmosphere of the marsh scenes is nothing short of masterly. These beautiful sequences were "shot" on the marshes selected by Dickens himself for his book and David Lean, the director, has achieved the most sensitive effects in those dramatic episodes played against vast expanses of wind-swept skies. The key-note of mystery is unerringly struck at the outset, and the scenes wherein Pip's conscience prompts him to believe that gate-hinges, trees and the very cattle accuse him of stealing the pie, are among the best in the film, although they were, amusingly enough, condemned by more than one leading critic. A replica of the forge at Chalk was built on the marshes and is very effective. Few other scenes were played outside the studios, except those, of course, on the river. Great pains were taken to reproduce a packet-steamer of the period and the attempted escape of Magwitch (photographed on the Medway, to avoid the heavy traffic on the Thames) is convincing and thrilling. Many of the studio sets were very fine, especially the London street scenes and Barnards Inn, the river-side lodging of Bill Barley (who, alas, is another absentee) and Satis House, with its forlorn garden, wherein is delightfully staged Pip's fight with the Pale Young Gentleman.

The youthful Pip and Estella of Anthony Wager and Jean Simmonds

are delightfully unselfconscious performances which are of inestimable value to the film. The grown Pip is more than safe in the hands of that most capable actor, John Mills ; a moving piece of work of great sincerity, which owed not a little to Valerie Hobson's sure touch as the grown Estella. Alec Guinness is the Herbert Pocket, an impersonation familiar to us in his own stage adaptation (see *The Dickensian*, 1940, p. 102), a wholly charming performance which has lost nothing by transference to the cinema. Mr. Guinness irradiates the screen every time he appears and fully justifies his rapidly growing reputation in both media. Another familiar performance is that of Martita Hunt, whose vivid handling of Miss Havisham adds much to the dramatic quality of the film. The group of characters from the village is headed



Wemmick, the Aged Parent and Pip.

by the appealing Joe of Bernard Miles. By no means right physically, Mr. Miles never fails in effect ; a fine performance. Mrs. Joe is, perhaps, a thought *too* shrewish and if the Uncle Pumblechook of that superb character actor, Hay Petrie, has not the aspect one associates with that redoubtable seedsman, complete success is never in doubt. The Newgate group is equally successful. Francis Sullivan who also played Jaggers in an earlier film, gives a very powerful performance, considerably superior to his earlier one, but the Wemmick might with advantage have been endowed with rather more of the quality familiar to us in the original ; we could not see this matter-of-fact little man at the Skiffins wedding. Praise must be given to the Magwitch of Finlay Currie, a splendidly rugged figure, ably supported by the Compeyson of George Hayes. Finally, the all too brief appearance of the veteran O. B. Clarence as the Aged Parent is an unalloyed delight.

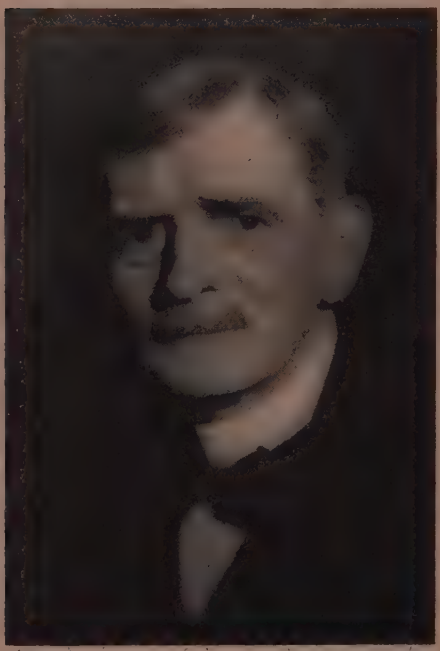
The final sequence is, of course, not Dickens, for neither the projected nor the accepted ending of the book would make a satisfactory conclusion to a film. That chosen is ingenious and effective and proved acceptable to at least one Dickensian.

Reference to the Royal Première is made on page 59. L. C. S.

Mr. T. W. HILL

AT the meeting of the Council of The Dickens Fellowship held at the Dickens House on January 4th, there was reached a milestone in its history—the resignation of Mr. T. W. Hill from the office of Honorary Treasurer.

It was with the greatest reluctance that Council accepted his resignation for no man has more friends throughout the Fellowship, no man has served it longer or more faithfully. Yet the passage of time cannot be ignored. Mr. Hill makes no secret of the fact that he is now in his eighty-first year—at any rate that is the score he claims, although whether we should believe him did we not know him to be invariably strictly truthful, is quite another matter. It is the latter fact of his apparently perennial youth, that robs his resignation of nearly all its cause for regret, for if ever a man remained perpetually young in spirit, that man is Mr. Hill. Nevertheless, in spite of his excellent health, he feels that the time has come to take additional care of himself and no member of the Fellowship will quarrel with him for that, indeed, we would earnestly aid and abet him in this endeavour, not only on account of our affection for him, but for our own ends. Clearly, the Fellowship would be a very different society without his gaiety, his erudition and his ever readily proferred assistance in any matter which seeks to further our aims and well-being. An admirable instance of this was provided at his final Council meeting as Treasurer. After tributes had been paid to him and to his work by several members, he rose to reply. His emotion was considerable and understandable, yet the pleasure it gave him to make two gifts to the Dickens House shone through it all. The first was a cutting of rosemary taken from a plant which he had reared himself from another taken at Gadshill and the second was a long-treasured mazer bowl, used by Dickens at Gadshill as a card-tray. This had been given by the novelist to his sister, Mrs. Austin, from whom it eventually passed to Sir Herbert Jackson, who presented it to Mr. Hill. The gifts were gratefully accepted on behalf of the Trustees, by the Chairman.



Photo] [*Claude Harris*

Mr. T. W. Hill.

Mr. Hill has spent a more than ordinarily busy life. His connection

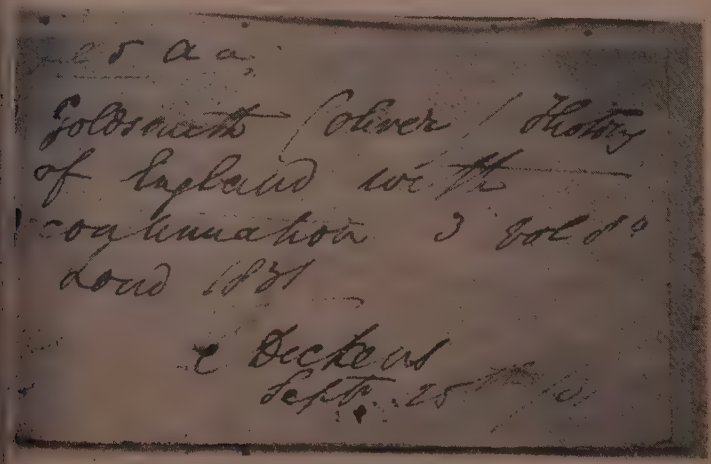
with the Athenaeum had lasted nearly half a century when, as its secretary, he resigned in 1936 to become an honorary life member. But this by no means exhausts his activities which appear to have been endless. They include from church-organist, Chairman of The Bookman Circle and editor of the final volumes of Herbert Spencer's *Descriptive Sociology*. He has been an active member of the Dickens Fellowship since its very earliest days and was Honorary Secretary throughout the first world-war, resigning that office only on account of ill health, after five strenuous and difficult years, in 1919. He became Honorary Treasurer in 1932. The latter years of this term of office have been difficult ones indeed for a Treasurer, but Mr. Hill prefers to dwell not on the difficulties, but on the fact that during his treasureship there was launched the Dickens House Endowment Fund in memory of his dearly loved friend Walter Dexter, and I am prepared to aver that little could afford him greater pleasure than to see his successor carry that task to a triumphant conclusion. Finally, and probably more important than all, are his labours for *The Dickensian*. My predecessor never tired of eulogising Mr. Hill's inestimable services to this magazine and often confessed to me his great debt to his friend's unfailing help and fund of wisdom and knowledge. If that was Walter Dexter's experience after twenty years of editorship, it may be imagined what *my* debt amounts to, taking over the editorial chair as I did, with no experience and following so eminently successful a man. Of that debt it is difficult to write adequately, but it is the measure of Mr. Hill's kindly generous spirit and I am happy in the conviction that every member of the Dickens Fellowship, every reader of *The Dickensian* will rejoice with me that his work for these columns will continue unabated. Long may his health and happiness continue and long may we enjoy his truly Dickensian companionship, both in the flesh and in these pages.

L. C. S.

DICKENS READS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By WILLIAM MILLER

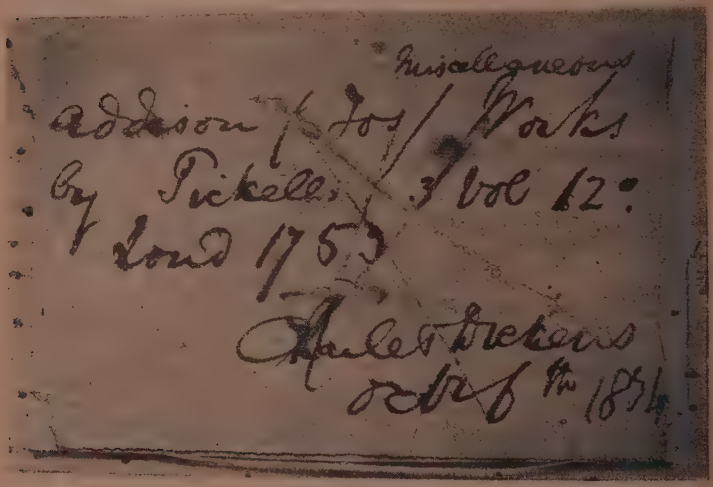
FORSTER tells us that "for the additional help of such general information about books as a fairly educated youth might be expected to have, as well as to satisfy some higher personal cravings,



Dickens became an assiduous attendant in the British Museum Reading-Room." The necessary ticket was issued to him on February 8th, 1830, the day after his eighteenth birthday, the earliest possible date for such an application. But it is not generally known that library slips, or indents as they are called, of books issued to him have been preserved and photographs of some of them have been in my possession for a good many years.

How these indents came to be preserved or how photographs of six of them came into my hands, I cannot now recall. The originals may come to light one day or possibly photographs of others, in the meantime, two of them are reproduced here.

They provide interesting evidence of Dickens's studious habits as a young man, for from 1830 to 1834 he was a constant reader at the Museum. Unfortunately some of the indents have no reference to the year of issue, but undoubtedly they all belong to the same period. Always a reader, the books he devoured as a sickly child at Chatham, unable to join in the games of his sturdier companions, are known to us, as are those he treasured in the little attic at Bayham Street, Camden Town. Now we learn the titles of some of those he consulted when fitting himself for a journalistic career. One of these, *The Dance of Death*, was a favourite of his childhood.



A complete list of the six photographic copies is as follows:

1. *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. 1822. C. Dickens, June 27th, 1830.
2. *Goldsmith* (*Oliver*) *History of England with continuation*. 3 Vols. 8°, Lond., 1821. C. Dickens, Sept. 25th, 1831.
3. Addison (Jos.) *Miscellaneous Works*, by Tickells. 3 Vols. 12°, Lond., 1753. Charles Dickens, October 6th, 1834.
4. Berges (D) *A Short Account of the Roman Senate*. C. Dickens, Feby. 1st.
5. Shakespeare, *Dramatic Works*, by Singer, and *Life*, by C. Symonds. 10 Vols. 12°. Charles Dickens, Nov. 8th.
6. Moas, *The Dance of Death*. Painted by Holbein, engraved by W. Hollar, 8°. C. Dickens.

NOTES TO *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

By T. W. HILL

Introductory

DICKENS did not write a preface to this book, but the Postscript by Way of Preface throws much light on his purpose in writing the story and contains a characteristic outburst of his feelings with respect to Poor-Law Administration.

The topographical notes referring to London deal with the not very distant past, but it should be borne in mind that the recent war has affected many of the sites: much remains to help the reader to realise the life of the metropolis in Victorian times. The areas that suffered damage from enemy attack are tabulated in *The Dickensian* for 1946, page 207.

It is hoped that the sketch map that will appear with a later instalment of these Notes will be of assistance as the tragedy develops. For this map, the writer is greatly indebted to the advice of Lt. Col. Wm. H. Spiller and Mr. T. S. Lascelles and, for the draughtsmanship, to Mr. C. W. Richardson.

With reference to the title of the novel, Dickens knew that "mutual" was not the correct word to use, although it was widely current before his time, perhaps to avoid the possible implication of the correct adjective, "common." "Mutual" has continued in familiar intercourse down to the present day. Dickens allows the characters in several of his books to use "mutual." It should be added that the French translation of *Our Mutual Friend* appeared with the title *L'ami Commun*.

Notes

BOOK I

Chapter II

1. BRAN-NEW QUARTER OF LONDON. So-called by Dickens to accord with his conception of the Veneerings as bran-new people. For "bran-new" see Trench, "English Past and Present," lect. v. See also note 4 to Chapter X below.

2. PANTECHNICON. This word meaning "pertaining to all the arts" was invented as the name for a building opened in 1830 in Motcomb Street, Belgravia, as a bazaar of all kinds of artistic work. After a few years the bazaar failed and the building was used as a warehouse for storing furniture, etc. The vans used for transport were called Pantechnicon Vans, but Londoners soon dropped the word van and the word Pantechnicon is now almost entirely applied to the vehicle.

3. ST. JAMES'S SQUARE. At the time of the story access could be obtained to the centre of the square, but it has been closed for many years, only the householders in the square having a key. [During the World War 1939-1945 the railings were removed for the iron-scrap.]

4. SOFTEN ANY ONE'S BRAIN. Softening of the brain is a common but erroneous expression (figurative of course) for loss of memory and mental power. There may be no *softening* of the brain-matter.

5. ANTINOUS. One of the pages in the large entourage of the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117-138) and a favourite of the Emperor. After his death in A.D. 122 he became a type of manly beauty.

6. PROFESSOR OWEN. Sir Richard Owen, F.R.S. (1804-1892). Probably best known for his reconstruction, after concentrated examination, from a single bone, of the entire skeleton of the extinct Moa of New Zealand. Dubbed "Old Bones" (see Vanity Fair cartoon).

7. SUSCEPTIBLE TO EAST WIND. It is an interesting coincidence that the east wind in England, and also in New England, is bleak and unpleasant, while in Palestine it is dry, scorching and destructive. So the association of the east wind as trying to the health and temper has become proverbial and historic. It will be remembered that Mr. Jarndyce in *Bleak House* put down all his disappointments to the east wind.

8. FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE. The name by which George the Fourth was known during the time he was Prince Regent, from his luxurious and expensive mode of living; his collars and cravats were celebrated.

9. DYED LONG WALK. Lady Tippins's hair-parting was so straight that it resembled the road from Windsor Castle through the park, three miles long and perfectly straight and popularly known as "The Long Walk;" it leads to the bronze equestrian statue of King George the Third, commonly known as "The Copper Horse." The double avenue of elm-trees was felled in 1943.

10. CHALICE. This term for a drinking-cup or goblet is now only used in poetic or elevated language, and is usually confined to the cup in which the wine is administered at the celebration of the Eucharist.

11. CYMON. One of Dickens's humorous tilts at semi-gentility. It recalls that in *Sketches by Boz* Simon Tuggs became Cymon when his father inherited money.

12. CUPIDON. Apparently a word of Lady Tippins's own coining; perhaps she knew the word Lexicon, a book of and about words, so Cupidon, a book of and about lovers.

13. DAY AND MARTIN'S. The famous blacking manufacturers in the nineteenth century. A blacking factory would be the least likely place from which to obtain Port, but Dickens had before this compared port to blacking. In "Well-authenticated Rappings" (*Household Words* 1858) he has an interview, with a ghost or spirit, from which this conversation is condensed:

"Reveal your name."
"Sloe-juice, Logwood, Blackberry."
"That is not your name."
(After a pause) "No."
"What do they generally call you?"
(Solemnly) "Port." . . . .
(After another pause) "What, upon the whole, is most like you?"
The terrific reply was: "Blacking."

14. RED VELVETEENS AND A BELL. This outfit for a dustman lasted till nearly the end of the nineteenth century; the little ladder and the basket still survive.

15. ANOTHER. The early Victorians, who invented all sorts of periphrases in their search for delicacy of feeling, used "Another" where we should more robustly say, "Somebody else." It was also a convention in Melodrama: "Alas, I love Another."

To shew how everyone understood the application of the word here is a quotation from T. H. Bayly's ballad "We Met":

"He call'd me by my name
As the bride of Another;
Oh, *Thou* hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother!"

And here is a further illustration from the ballad "Alice Gray" by William Mee:

"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is Another's
She never can be mine."

In "Tom Jones" Fielding gives this thought to Mr. Blifil: "Reason dictates to me to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections upon another. . . . I mean the injustice of endeavouring to supplant another" (Book VI, Chapter X).

16. HONEYSUCKLE AND WOODBINE TWINING. Together with roses these climbing plants have been for centuries used as figuratively implying peace, love and all homely virtues; the poets have constantly employed them.

17. CONDITIONAL ON HIS MARRYING. Dickens was to use this motive again in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

18. DON JUAN. The long (unfinished) poem by Lord Byron.

CHAPTER III

1. BRAN-NEW PILGRIMS ON THE WALL. The Pilgrims were, of course, not bran-new; it was the print. Either of two pictures of the Canterbury

Pilgrims may be intended. One " painted in fresco by William Blake (1757-1827) and by him engraved and published in 1810 ; the other, more popular, was " The Pilgrimage to Canterbury painted by Thos. Stothard, R.A. (1755-1834) ; etched by Louis Schiavonetti (1765-1810), finished by James Heath, A.R.A." This was published in 1817.

2. DON'T WANT TO IT. An ellipsis (omitting a verb) common in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Dickens constantly uses it. One of Dr. Johnson's resolutions for the better observance of Sunday reads : " To rise early, and in order to it, to go to sleep early on Saturday."

3. A BULL'S-EYE. Originally the prominent magnifying lens of a policeman's hand-lantern ; then applied to the lantern itself. Now superseded by an electric lamp, with reflector.

4. EXCHEQUER COFFEE HOUSE. This does not exist to-day as the district has been largely rebuilt. In " Leigh's New Picture of London " (1827) the Exchequer Coffee House is given as being in New Palace Yard.

5. PUPIL TEACHER. One who is a pupil as well as a teacher ; receiving training as well as part of the time learning to teach junior classes. Now called Student-Teacher : the grade preparatory to proceeding to a Training College and becoming a Certificated Teacher.

CHAPTER IV

1. HOLLOWAY REGION. From Battle Bridge, now called King's Cross, the Caledonian Road, one-and-a-half miles long leads to Holloway Road. The area is now entirely built over, the Caledonian Market occupying a large part of it.

2. FRESH CABBAGE LEAF. It was quite common for butchers to wrap their wares in a cabbage leaf ; it was cool, fairly clean and at any rate much preferable to the old newspapers now so often used. Tom Pinch, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, received his piece of steak in a cabbage-leaf when he went marketing with Ruth.

3. SCOTCH ALE. Ale brewed at Edinburgh and Alloa, having a less hop-content than English beer, and fermented at an unusually low temperature. Less bitter than beer and more potent.

4. FLAT CANDLE. Dickens often refers to a flat candle, so it must have been well known ; but the term is not now known in the trade. An old chandler at Boroughbridge says : " the 'flat six' was made for the cotton factories before paraffin lamps came in . . . there were two candles together—one side flat, the other rounded." There were therefore two wicks. See also *Dickensian*, 1909.

CHAPTER V

1. HALF-PENNY BALLADS. Broadsheets of songs sold by street singers ; sometimes embellished with a rudely executed wood-cut illustration at the top. The street-singer would sing (!) songs of the most lugubrious or the most joyous character in the same dismal tuneless fashion, and invariably finish his performance in a sprightly voice : " The price of the copy is one ha'penny."

2. SMALL TEXT. The original term for the carefully-written script for the text book as distinct from the less formal cursive style.

3. IRON EXTINGUISHER. Very few examples now remain of these relics of the time when the linkman on arriving at his destination put out his torch by thrusting it into the extinguisher that garnished the railing before the entrances of the houses of the wealthy classes.

4. PRELIMINARY MEDITATION AT CHURCH. Men, on entering a church, were accustomed, before taking their seat, to offer a silent prayer often appearing to say it into the top-hat they had taken off on arriving.

5. GINGERBREAD HORSE. The ginger-bread cakes offered for sale in confectioners' shops or on street stalls were, to add to their attractiveness, often stamped to represent animals somewhat crude in outline and clumsy of limb.

6. PEA OVERCOAT. A loose woollen double-breasted coat. Originally worn by sailors, its name is probably the Dutch word pij (a coat of coarse woollen stuff).

7. ARE YOU IN THE FUNNS ? Funds is the general term for money lent to the Government and which constitutes the National Debt (Langford). ' In the Funns " apparently means " retired with a sufficient income derived from interest on Government investments."

8. DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU FIRST SEE ME ? The use of the present tense with the past meaning was quite common in Cockney dialect ; it is not unknown to-day among the uneducated.

9. ALL PRINT IS SHUT TO ME. This does not seem quite true ; Mr. Boffin may have been uneducated but he must have been able to read to choose the books he later brought home for Wegg to read aloud ; and it remains a puzzle how he could have known so much about the misers and books like Rollins's history and the Wars of the Jews (see Book II, Chap. 6). However, *Our Mutual Friend* is a work of fiction and the matter must not be pressed too closely or the illusion and the meaning of the plot would be gone.

10. MAIDEN LANE, HOLLOWAY. Now known as York Road, leading from King's Cross station to Camden Road. The old name persists in Maiden Lane Bridge where the road crosses the Regent's Canal. Harmon's Mounds of Dust probably covered the site now occupied by the L.N.E. Rly. Goods Depot.

11. DECLINE-AND-FALL-OFF. *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* by Edward Gibbon was published in quarto : Vol. I in 1776, Vols. II and III in 1782, Vols. IV, V and VI in 1788.

12. BESIDE THE COTTAGE DOOR. The first of many ballad quotations, perhaps from his half-penny sheets on the stall, used by Wegg in the course of the story. Almost every one is perverted or mangled to suit the occasion and this one sets the pattern. The original is " The Soldier's Tear," written by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839) and set to music by Alexander Lee. The second verse reads :

> " Beside the cottage porch
> A girl was on her knees,
> She held aloft a snowy scarf
> Which flutter'd in the breeze ;
> She breath'd a pray'r for him,
> A pray'r he could not hear,
> But he paus'd to bless her as she knelt
> And wip'd away a tear."

13. TOOK HIMSELF BY THE NOSE. To lead by the nose is to lead, perhaps to compel ; horses and donkeys are led by the nose ; bulls and camels are ringed through the nose for better control. So, to take oneself by the nose is to compel oneself to act. It will be remembered that St. Dunstan took the devil by the nose, using a pair of red-hot pincers.

14. FAIR ROSAMOND. Lord Clifford's god-daughter, with whom King Henry II fell in love (his queen did not know). He concealed Rosamond in a house so surrounded by forest that the only means of finding the dwelling was a silver thread. Scott uses the story in *Woodstock*.

15. EDDARD. Neddy is the cant name for a jackass ; it is also the pet or diminutive familiar form of Edward. The eighteenth-century pronunciation often omitted the " w " in such words as " forward " (forrard), " backward " (backkard) and Cockneys have perpetuated the contraction.

16. STUFFED BIRDS AND WAXEN FRUITS. Part of the Victorian cult of the artificial, these conventional ornamental groups with their glass shades disappeared with the round tables on which they were placed, surrounded by books elaborately bound in red, blue and gold covers. Very occasionally specimens may be seen in the " best room " in country cottages.

17. COMMODUS. Roman Emperor, A.D. 180 ; " of graceful person, popular address and imagined virtues " ; he afterwards became " immersed in blood, and luxury . . . every sentiment of virtue and humanity was extinct . . . kept a seraglio of three hundred beautiful women and as many boys, of every rank." Assassinated by strangulation after being drugged, A.D. 192 (Gibbon, Chapter IV).

18. BURNT PENS. All pens being quills, the smell would be that of burnt feathers.

19. VITTLE-US. A most appropriate Weggism. " The beastly Vitellius condemned to everlasting infamy." " He consumed in mere eating at least six millions of our money in about seven months. It is not easy to express his views with dignity or even decency. Tacitus calls him a hog, but it is by substituting for a coarse word a very fine image " (Gibbon, Chapter III).

CHAPTER VI

1. SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP PORTERS. The original of this comfortably-

named inn is said to be the "Grapes," 76 Narrow Street, Limehouse, bordering the Thames over which it looks. Various attempts have been made to identify it; see especially articles in *The Dickensian*, 1935, page 119, by G. F. Young, and 1939, page 128, by G. W. Younger.

2. SUGAR-LOAF HATS. A sugar loaf, now rarely made, is conical in form somewhat resembling an artillery shell, and is about eighteen inches high. The small cubes into which it is cut are therefore known as loaf sugar. The tin receptacles referred to for the warming of liquids were at one time quite common and usually hung over or near the fireplace.

3. PURL. Beer heated nearly to boiling point, and flavoured with gin, sugar and ginger; FLIP, warmed ale, flavoured with sugar, spice, spirits and beaten egg; DOG'S NOSE, a mixture of gin and beer. The Committee of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association "found upon enquiry" that it is "compounded of warm porter, moist sugar, gin and nutmeg" ("so it is" from an elderly female). See *Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XXXIII.

4. RUBBING HER VEXED NOSE. Rubbing the nose when vexed or confused in thought is common to nations and races. Betsey Trotwood, in *David Copperfield*, indulged in the habit.

5. MAKE YOU BED, ETC. As you make your bed so you must lie on it is equivalent to abiding the consequences of your own actions. The saying is as old as the times of the Roman Empire.

6. HOT PORT NEGUS. Named from its inventor, Colonel Francis Negus, who died 1732.

7. HAIR COMBED THE WRONG WAY. The word comb, in addition to its smoothing attributes, has a figurative meaning, to beat, as when Shakespeare uses it in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act I, Scene 1.

"Her care should be
To comb your noddel with a three-legg'd stoole."

To comb the hair the wrong way is a little less violent and merely disarranges one's plans, or irritates.

8. LAMP. Observe the nice distinctions: Lizzie has a lamp, the Boffins used candles, and the Fellowship Porters burned gas.

9. CASE-KNIFE. This may be a folding pocket knife of heavy make, with a horn handle, such as is carried by sailors, scaffolders, etc. A case-knife is properly a knife of which the blade slips into a sheath.

CHAPTER VII

1. TWO PRESERVED FROGS FIGHTING. These little figures are probably introduced as Dickens kept on his writing desk, among other indispensable little accompaniments of work a "French bronze group representing a duel with swords, fought by a couple of very fat toads, one of them (characterised by that peculiar buoyancy which belongs to corpulence) in the act of making a prodigious lunge forward, which the other receives in the very middle of his digestive apparatus" (Forster's *Life*).

2. COCK ROBIN. This favourite nursery rhyme is first found in the Nursery Chap Book, 1800.

3. BOUGHT YOU OF THE HOSPITAL PORTER. Patients were sometimes permitted to bring away from a hospital any part of their anatomy that had been excised or amputated. Venus had undertaken to clean and articulate the bones of Wegg's amputated limb. The finished specimen is delivered to Wegg in Book II, Chapter VII.

CHAPTER VIII

1. PERTINAX. Succeeded Commodus as Emperor. He was a firm, prudent ruler, simple in his manner of living, and tried to "heal the wounds inflicted by the hand" of his predecessor. He was murdered by the Praetorian Guards, A.D. 193 (Gibbon, Chapter IV).

2. FROM THE PROCTOR'S. Boffin's affairs would be arranged for him at Doctors' Commons, where the Harmon will was executed. Dickens as a young man was a reporter in Doctors' Commons and used his knowledge of the proceedings when he articled young David Copperfield to Mr. Spenlow, proctor at Doctors' Commons.

3. RATTLER FOR HIMSELF. A "rattler" is a blow that shakes up the bones and senses. No wonder that poor Mrs. Boffin dropped insensible.

4. UNCOMFORTABLE NECK-CLOTH. The gentleman at Doctors' Commons recalls Mr. Spenlow, who had "the stiffest of white cravats and shirt-collars."

5. COUNSEL LEARNED IN THE LAW. Merely a complimentary expression; only a King's Counsel is styled "His Majesty's Counsel learned in the law." There is no record that Eugene had "taken silk."

CHAPTER IX

1. LIGHT YELLOW CHARIOT. Light yellow was affected by the wealthy classes for private carriages. The Boffins were evidently emulating the wealthy Mr. Podsnap, who had a "custard coloured phaeton" (Chapter XI).

2. EVIL DIES WITH THE DOER OF IT. This shews Dickens's fundamental optimism and reverses the dictum in Shakespeare:

(*a*) "The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."
("Julius Caesar," Act III, Scene 2.)

(*b*) "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."
("King Henry VIII," Act IV, Scene 2.)

3. HARMONY JAIL POULTRY. The habits of fowls reared in slum areas seemed to fascinate Dickens who refers to them also in *David Copperfield* and in *Dombey and Son*.

CHAPTER X

1. HIGHLY-PERFUMED COCKED-HAT. Not head-gear of course; a short note written on a slip of paper and then, instead of being enclosed in an envelope, folded on itself three times, faintly resembling in appearance the folded paper cocked-hats worn by children. Perfumed because sent by a lady.

2. COLOSSUS AT RHODES. A huge figure, the fifth of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, was at one time supposed, quite erroneously, to stand a-straddle across the entrance to the harbour at Rhodes, owing probably to a statement that it was so lofty that a ship might sail between its legs. It was shattered and fell after an earthquake in 224 B.C., only fifty-six years after its erection.

3. VEILED PROPHET. Hakin ben Allah, surnamed Mokanna (the veiled), who lived in the eighth century, wore a veil to conceal the fact that he had lost an eye, but his followers, with his connivance, made a virtue of necessity and considered that the veil was a screen for his dazzling countenance. The theme is used in Moore's poem "Lalla Rookh." (1817.)

4. STUCCONIA. Dickens's appropriate name for what Conan Doyle calls the "lines of flat-faced, pillared and porticoed houses which are so prominent a product of the Middle Victorian Epoch in the West End of London"; brick-built houses faced with stucco to simulate stone-work. Thackeray named it "Tyburnia," in imitation of "Belgravia," where a similar style prevails.

5. MUTTON BROTH WITH A CHOP IN IT. The chop has gone out of fashion, but it appealed to the palates of our forebears. R. H. Barham alludes to it lovingly in the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

"Is it Paris or Kitchener, reader, exhorts
You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,
To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?"
("The Bagman's Dog.")

6. WHAT, WHAT, WHAT? This staccato style of question was characteristic of the eagerness of King George's manner.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

By MARGARET HUISH

ON April 13th, one hundred years ago, David Christie Murray was born in West Bromwich. He was a journalist of merit, the author of some half a dozen novels, a war correspondent in the Russo-Turkish war, a Parliamentary reporter in the days of Disraeli and Gladstone and a traveller in Australia and New Zealand.

Murray's father was a printer and stationer and his business also carried a small stock of books. Among these young Murray loved to browse, and early became an omnivorous reader. One can hardly realise the effect on an intelligent lad of reading *The Pickwick Papers, Little Dorrit* and *Dombey and Son* as books recently published. The boy soon knew the characters intimately and when later he came to lodge in the vicinity of Goswell Road, it was not surprising that he identified Dickens's characters among the bustling crowds and saw in any benevolent, bespectacled old gentleman the personification of Mr. Pickwick.

At the age of twelve David Murray went into his father's business and after six years was sent to London to complete his training. Murray already knew Dickens by sight for he had been one of the vast audience on the first occasion on which the novelist read for his own profit in the Broad Street Music Hall, Birmingham, afterwards known as the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Later Murray heard Dickens in every single item which he read in public. In Murray's opinion, no one who had not been present at one of these readings could realise Dickens's amazing artistry. Like many artists, however, Dickens depended to an extraordinary degree on the temper of his audience. To an unresponsive house Murray did not hesitate to say that he had heard him read "downright flatly and badly," while he could hold a responsive audience spellbound by his genius. In particular, Murray noticed how the novelist could illuminate seemingly ordinary passages. As an example he quotes the first appearance of Marley's ghost to Scrooge and describes how Dickens infused an atmosphere of vehemence and weirdness into the words, "the dying fire leapt up as if it cried: I know him—Marley's ghost." When Dickens was reading it seemed to Murray as if the stage was peopled with living characters and it was almost impossible to believe that the parts were not sustained by separate performers.

When later Murray was writing for *All the Year Round*, Charles Dickens the younger told the journalist an amusing story about his father. When Dickens was living at Gad's Hill, his son heard one day sounds of violent threatening in a gruff voice, intermingled with shrill calls for appeal coming from the grove at the bottom of a big field behind the house. Thinking that someone was being murdered, Charles Dickens junior unleashed the large household mastiff and raced to the spot. What was his amazement to find that his father was rehearsing the tragedy of Sikes and Nancy. Unbeknown to his family the novelist had chosen this secluded spot to rehearse his reading.

Though Murray never spoke to Dickens he met him twice in somewhat unusual circumstances. In those days there used to be a shop in Cheapside belonging to the Stereoscopic Company, which displayed in its windows the latest developments in photography, then in its youth. Among these was a life-sized enlargement of a portrait of Dickens in which, as Murray noted, the features were natural and unexaggerated, but the beard and hair looked as if they had been made of telegraph wire. On one occasion, when Murray had been studying his portrait, as he turned towards St. Paul's Churchyard, he saw, at his elbow, Dickens himself, critically looking at the portrait. Murray's

involuntary start of surprise attracted Dickens's attention. Almost rudely the youth stared at his idol and from him to the portrait and then again at the original with an expression of wonder and worship which caused Dickens to laugh. Then with a comic affirmative nod, as much as to say, "It is so, my young man," Dickens turned away and walked briskly along Cheapside.

Dickens was travelling on a coach which ran from Thame to Oxford on the second occasion when Murray spotted him. The young man climbed on to the vehicle to have the privilege of sitting next to the novelist. Dickens was accompanied by a man who nursed between his knees a small stack of walking sticks and umbrellas and Murray overheard the following conversation.

"Charles," said the friend, "why don't you have your name engraved on these?"

"Good God!" replied Dickens, indignantly, "isn't it bad enough already?"

From which one gathers that Dickens had been suffering from an outbreak of the publicity which outside his public work, he so much disliked.

It is probable that Murray wrote a number of articles on Dickens, but only one, in the *Sun*, is known to me. To this, Edmund Gosse, in a letter dated 22nd February, 1897, refers as follows: "May a delighted reader of your articles in the *Sun* presume on a very slight acquaintance with their author to say how greatly he admires them? The paper on Dickens seemed to me to dissolve that writer's peculiar charm with a truer alchemy than any criticism I had ever read."

When Murray came to write his first novel, *A Life's Atonement*, he admits that it was an unconscious plagiarism of *David Copperfield*. No critic apparently noticed the fact and Murray himself was completely unaware of it until years afterwards.

Murray liked to boast that he was the first person in the world to make the acquaintance of Silas Wegg, Nicodemus Boffin and Mr. Venus. Murray's "name-father," David Christie, was the chief reader at Clowes's printing office in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, where, month by month, the proofs of *Our Mutual Friend* were printed. It was Mr. Christie's habit to borrow the Dickens manuscript from Mr. Day, the overseer of the establishment and take it home to read before it went to the compositors. While Murray was in London, Christie would wire, "Dickens is here," and the young man at once went round to Christie's lodgings and read the manuscript aloud, for it needed young eyes, as it was written in blue ink on foolscap paper of a light blue Colour.

Christie had commenced work as a "reader's" boy in the firm of Ballantyne in Edinburgh and had made a practice of securing anything that came his way of literary interest. In fifty years he had amassed a large collection of proof sheets corrected by well-known writers. Among other treasures were the first uncorrected proofs of *Marmion* and a manuscript play by Sheridan Knowles. All these papers he kept loose in a big chest, which was to be Murray's after Christie's death. This happened when Murray was in Ireland, having, for lack of means, enlisted in the army. On his return to London he found to his horror that the whole collection had been sold to a butterman as waste paper at a farthing a pound. There had been one relic of Dickens of inestimable value, an unpublished chapter in *Our Mutual Friend*, in which the dustman was killed by Silas Wegg. Dickens had excised this and had had the type broken up and all the proofs, with the exception of this unique survival, destroyed. When Murray realized that this too had gone, he was not ashamed to admit that he wept bitterly.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

AIDS THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND

By A. V. BRAMBLE

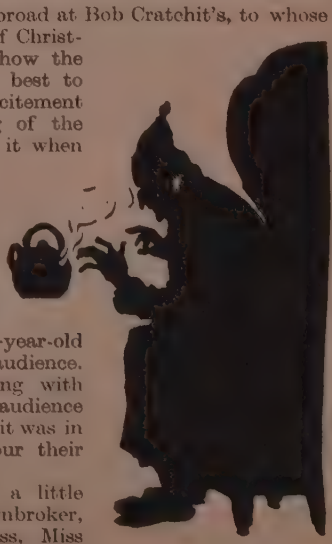
NO more appropriate choice than *The Carol* could of course have been made by the Dickens Fellowship in London with which to usher in the Christmas season. It was the first dramatic production to be presented by the Fellowship for a good many years and a large audience all but filled the Conway Hall on December 13th, in spite of almost as thick a fog as that described in the opening passage of the book.

The adaptation was skilfully made by Mrs. Jane Bacon, who also produced the play. A large cast was employed and a very full version was the result.

The play was presented without scenery and it says much for the quality of the production and the lighting that the somewhat hardening effect of the severe panelling of the stage was not even more apparent. A large burden of the performance, the part of Scrooge, fell upon the experienced shoulders of Mr. Percy Merriman, whose dramatic acting of the part proved invaluable. Mr. F. D. Howland, as Marley's ghost, made a great impression. Cleverly lit, his first entrance completely realised Dickens's description and Leech's plate and if ever a fictional character truly came to life, it was in this production when the curtain rose on the Second Act to reveal Mr. J. Greaves as the Ghost of Christmas Present.

Here was not only a living realisation of the Ghost as conceived and described by Charles Dickens, but also as pictured and drawn by John Leech, the famous illustrator. Mr. Greaves is to be congratulated, not only on his appearance, but also on his playing of the part, which carried with it great charm.

There was a gay Christmas spirit abroad at Bob Cratchit's, to whose house Scrooge was led by the Ghost of Christmas Present, "that he might learn how the humblest and the poorest do their best to celebrate the Holy Season." The excitement of Bob's children over the cooking of the Christmas dinner, their enjoyment of it when served, their mother's concern as to whether or not the pudding would turn out a success, etc., were all well done and raised many a laugh. Two of the children deserve special mention, Peter (Gerald Regan) and Tiny Tim (Brian Dixon), the frail cripple, who, in spite of his affliction appeared to be as happy as the rest. This five-year-old actor was a great favourite with the audience. Unfortunately, something went wrong with the timing of this scene, but the audience cared not a whit for this, engrossed as it was in watching those joyous children devour their feast.



The Pawnbroker scene was quite a little cameo and Mr. J. Greaves, as the Pawnbroker, Miss Brenda Beagley, the Laundress, Miss Elsa Beringer, the Charwoman and Mr. V. C. Sanders, the Undertaker, are all to be congratulated on their excellent character studies.

I liked the graveyard scene very much, and it was here that Mr. Merriman as Scrooge was at his best; the lighting was excellent.

The last scene of the play, the Christmas Party at Nephew Fred's, was bright and colourful and opened on a merry note, with grown-up people, young and old, playing blind-man's-buff like a lot of happy children. Do you remember Dickens's description of the games, in which he says that the way in which a certain Mr. Topper, though blindfolded, went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature? Miss Sophy, by the way, (Brenda Beagley) scored a distinct hit with her one line, "Oh! Mr. Topper!" spoken in true Christmas Party spirit. It was a joy to listen to it.

Well, as everyone knows, Uncle Scrooge turned up at his nephew's after all, where, in spite of the fact that he had not only refused his nephew's invitation the day before, but practically ordered him out of the office with his crescendoed "Good afternoons", he was welcomed with open arms and treated as the guest of honour.

But here was a changed Scrooge, an enlightened Scrooge, a man with a heart warming towards his fellow men, a Scrooge eager to make amends for the past and grateful for being received into the fold of those who believed in Christmas and all that it implied. Love and goodwill towards men. Well done, Mr. Merriman.

The play concluded, very appropriately, with the singing of carols, very pleasantly done; a solemn pledge to the world by Scrooge, when giving a toast to the assembled company at the special request of his nephew, that he would honour Christmas in his heart and try to keep it all the year, that he would live in the past, the present and the future.

Captain R. C. D. Shuckburgh, a great-grandson of Dickens, is to be heartily congratulated upon the delightful manner in which he, as narrator, described scenes necessary to the play, but which it was impracticable to stage in this modest production. One would like to hear this young man give some readings from Dickens.

In response to enthusiastic calls from the audience, Mrs. Bacon, to whose skill and labour the success of the evening was so largely due, responded in a brief speech.

Presented in aid of the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) the production realised nearly £70 for that cause.

THE SPIRIT OF DICKENS

GAD'S HILL MYSTERIES

By FREDERICK SANDERS

Reprinted by courtesy of *The Chatham Observer*.

AS Charles Dickens, so loved Christmas and did so much in his writings to foster its festivities, I thought that a night spent at that time of the year in investigating certain tales and legends regarding the Spirit of Dickens would be appropriate.

In spirit he is said to haunt the Old Burial Ground in the moat of Rochester Castle, for he had expressed the wish to be buried there near the Cathedral, amidst the surroundings he had helped make famous in literature.

The House at 18 St. Mary's Place, The Brook, Chatham, now pulled down, where he spent part of his early childhood, and where it is said that he got the material for his *A Child's Dream of a Star*, was reputedly haunted. The tale attached to 18 St. Mary's Place is that the face of the youthful Dickens appeared on moon-lit nights at the little side window of the tiny room under the rafters.

A phantom Dickens is recorded as having been seen along the Cooling Road.

So, I began by visiting the site of 18 St. Mary's Place, Chatham. Here remain only a mound of grass-covered rubble and two ruinous old outbuildings. No phantasmal shapes appeared. The only ghostly glow being from the town-centre lights. So on to Rochester. In the old cathedral city the atmosphere was colder, less full of life; more remote and reserved, as if gathered up in its centuries-old dreams. Visiting the Old Burial Ground brought no result of things beyond normal human ken.

Then to Gad's Hill. There are several stories of weird figures and happenings in and around Gad's Hill Place. Late one night a countryman, homeward-bound after an evening at a nearby inn, had pushed his cycle to the brow of the hill, and, having mounted his machine, proceeded to pass on towards Shorne.

Gad's Hill Place.

As he pedalled on by the front of the old house he suddenly saw, in the bright beam from his acetylene-lamp, no less than half-a-dozen black phantom figures moving towards him along by the high wall which completes the rest of the frontage.

He did not stop, but driving hard upon the pedals, sent his cycle rocketing forward, and as he did so the figures rushed faster to surround him, while further ominous black shapes joined them.

Suddenly the spectres vanished, and I believe that the time taken to get from Gad's Hill to Shorne has never been surpassed since that ghostly encounter.

As recently as this year, a gentleman on holiday in the Medway district from Switzerland thought that he had seen a bearded gentleman writing in the garden of Gad's Hill Place. It was a moonlit night. This gentleman walked on, then suddenly thought it peculiar for anyone to be writing in a garden by moonlight, so he retraced his steps. The mysterious figure was still there.

He was so interested in this ghostly-looking old man that he entered the gate and approached the seated figure, whereupon it vanished from sight and did not appear again.

Remarking upon this phenomenon shortly after the visitor from Switzerland had made known his unusual experience I ventured to remark that it might have been a trick of the sub-conscious or a purely optical illusion.

Since my last visit to Gad's Hill I really think that our visitor did see a seated figure writing! But the seated figure was undoubtedly that of a very live person. Also, quite possibly, the figure was seated

and writing, but not out on the lawn in the moonlight, but inside a room, the window of which is low to the ground and in the shadow of trees and bushes, at the farthest end of the front of the house.

What he saw was evidently the shadow of the person writing behind curtains drawn across the window, and as the moon was shining full, high in the sky from across the marshes of Cooling and Higham, the moonlight offset the light in the room behind the curtains and rendered the scene as if the shadow on the curtains appeared to be out on the lawn writing. Coincidentally at his approach the light was switched off, causing the shadow to vanish.

I discovered that anyone can see the black phantoms if they wish ! All that anyone has to do is to stand opposite the wall across from the turning leading down to Higham. Every time a car passes Gad's Hill Place towards Gravesend, after dark, the shadow flung by a row of pollarded trees flanking the pavement, upon the wall in their rear, look very much like rather inhuman forms. As the car proceeds, the shadows move towards the car along the wall. With cars proceeding towards Rochester the " phantoms " appear to move in the other, or Gravesend, direction. The countryman who first encountered these " fearsome shapes," some 20 years ago, after leaving the warmth and friendliness of a nearby hostelry, no doubt had more imagination-plus in his beer than it is possible to get in these days of watery compounds !

From off the bleak and lonely Cooling marshes a keen wind blew. Behind a bank of wide-spreading clouds the almost full moon was struggling for recognition, as I stood, well buttoned up, where the narrow lane leads from Gad's Hill to Higham.

All was quiet except for the ghostly drip of moisture from off the nearby trees. Gad's Hill Place, where the great novelist last drew breath, stood grimly silent, though its gloom was occasionally dispelled as the moon shone through a rift in the clouds.

Very few and very far between were belated pedestrians going to or coming from Higham, hurrying, hands in pockets, through the cold, blustering night.

Slowly the watch in my pocket ticked the minutes away, the wind became even more chill, and indications of human life less and less apparent. Then, when I had almost made up my mind to abandon the search for the supernatural a sound caught my straining ears.

Sharp, quick steps, as if belonging to some energetic person, coming from beyond the gate giving access to the crescent-shaped carriageway in front of the tree-shrouded old house across the road.

Clip, clip, clip ! The short steps became clearer, nearer. I focussed my gaze upon the half-open gate as the person beyond would appear at any moment.

Then, as the phantom steps reached the gate they stopped. No spectral shade appeared. No human being could I see upon the carriageway or the lawn. Did those mysterious foot-falls belong to the dead past ?

It was from out of that particular gate that Charles Dickens used to go when he went for his frequent rambles to the village of Cooling, out on the edge of the mysterious marshes.

The footsteps were caused by a man coming from Higham, where the road meets the main highway opposite Dickens's old home. The sounds passed by on either side of me as I had my back to Higham.

The enclosed frontage of Gad's Hill Place traps and reflects noise and sounds and gives the impression of movements taking place on the lawn and carriageway and amidst the trees and shrubs. I had previously checked this by walking at various speeds and by halting, from a distance of about 100 yards down the Higham road or lane. to the point where it reaches the main road.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMPETITION

The Competition announced by the President at the Conference Luncheon last year (see *The Dickensian*, 1946, p. 216) has been decided by the judges in favour of Mrs. Gwen Major of London, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations. The prize awarded by Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens was presented by himself to Mrs. Major at the Birthday Dinner, on February 7th. It was a wooden perpetual calendar which stood upon his grandfather's desk. Entries were received from all parts of England, from Scotland and Wales, from Australia, Canada and the United States of America.

Mrs. Major's contributions were as follows :

"THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS."

ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN BENNETT.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester,
Kent,
Monday Night, Fourteenth September, 1863.

My dear Sir,

Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned it has gone (as indeed it always has) perfectly well, but has struck the hours with great reluctance, and after enduring internal agonies of a most distressing nature, it has how ceased striking altogether. Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient to the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of.

Faithfully yours, "

"AMERICAN NOTES."

"I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble all day long . . . Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid ; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God."

"PICTURES FROM ITALY."

" . . . an intensely shabby little man looked in to inquire if the gentleman would have a Cicerone . . . His face was so very wistful and anxious, in the half-opened doorway, and there was so much poverty expressed in his faded suit and little pinched hat, and in the threadbare worsted glove with which he held it—not expressed the less, because these were evidently his genteel clothes, hastily slipped on—that I would as soon have trodden on him as dismissed him . . . If his fee had been as many napoleons as it was francs, there could not have shot over the twilight of his shabbiness such a gleam of sun, as lighted up the whole man, now that he was hired."

The second selection, submitted by Mrs. M. Melville Fowler of Chelmsford :

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

SHY NEIGHBOURHOODS.

"British birds are inseparable from low associates . . . in Spitalfields, once, I found a goldfinch drawing his own water . . . I bought that goldfinch . . . He drew no water but by stealth and under the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchant who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap, and shorts, and was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent word that he would "look round." He looked round, appeared in the doorway of the room, and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly a raging thirst beset that bird."

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

ABOARD SHIP.

"Ship rolling heavily. Pause. No minister . . . Closed double doors suddenly burst open, and two strong stewards skate in, supporting minister between them. General appearance as of somebody picked up drunk and incapable, and under conveyance to station-house. Stoppage, pause, and particularly heavy rolling. Stewards watch their opportunity, and balance themselves, but cannot balance minister; who, struggling with a drooping head and a backward tendency, seems determined to return below, while they are as determined that he shall be got to the reading desk in mid-saloon . . . Stewards at length make a dash; conduct minister to the mast in the centre of the saloon, which he embraces with both arms; skate out; and leave him in that condition to arrange affairs with flock."

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

TITBULL'S ALMSHOUSES.

"In Titbull's Alms-houses, the local society is not regarded as good society. A gentleman or lady receiving visitors from without, or going out to tea, counts, as it were, accordingly; but visitings or tea-drinkings interchanged among Titbullians do not score. Such interchanges, however, are rare, in consequence of internal dissensions occasioned by Mrs. Saggers's pail: which household article has split Titbull's into almost as many parties as there are dwellings in that precinct. The extremely complicated nature of the conflicting articles of belief on the subject prevents my stating them here with my usual perspicuity, but I think they have all branched off from the root-and-trunk question, Has Mrs. Saggers any right to stand her pail outside her dwelling?"

The third, submitted by Mrs. V. Baker of Birmingham:

REPRINTED PIECES.

MRS. MEEK, OF A SON.

"Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage—I should say of several yards in extent. In this I SAW Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upwards, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet, he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it, and smile!

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

One of these landing-places is near an old fort (I can see the Nore Light from it with my pocket-glass), from which fort mysteriously emerges a boy, to whom I am much indebted for additions to my scanty stock of knowledge. He is a young boy, with an intelligent face burnt to a dust colour by the summer sun, and with crisp hair of the same hue. He is a boy in whom I have perceived nothing incompatible with habits of studious inquiry and meditation, unless an evanescent black eye (I was delicate of inquiring how occasioned) should be so considered. To him am I indebted for ability to identify a Custom-house boat at any distance.

REPRINTED PIECES.

A PLATED ARTICLE.

What am I to do? Even if I could have the bandy-legged baby knocked up and brought here, I could offer him nothing but sherry, and that would be the death of him. He would never hold up his head again if he touched it. I can't go to bed, because I have conceived a mortal hatred for my bedroom; and I can't go away, because there is no train for my place of destination until morning. To burn the biscuits will be but a fleeting joy; still it is a temporary relief, and here they go on the fire! Shall I break the plate? First let me look at the back, and see who made it. COPELAND.

SOME DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPORTED . . .

FOLLOWING the survey of London which appeared in these pages last year, recording the damage sustained from enemy aerial bombardment by buildings mentioned in the Life and Works of Dickens, we now present a similar survey covering the rest of Dickensland. Doubtless there are omissions: of these the Editor would be glad to hear from his readers. No reference is made to any building unharmed in the war of 1939-45, to the sites of buildings demolished before that date, or to any that were damaged or destroyed by other means than enemy attack. The Editor gratefully acknowledges his debt to those who have undertaken this work and whose names appear at the head of the sections for which they are responsible.

KEY.

B.U.	Building Unidentified.	DES.	Portions only of the original building remaining, which may be restored or cleared away.
S.D.	Slight Damage.		
D.	Damaged.		
B.D.	Badly Damaged.		
DEM.	Demolished and site cleared.	W.S.	Walls Standing.

I. KENT

By W. GLANVILL MASON, F.R.M.S., Headquarters and Rochester Branch.

CANTERBURY

THE CATHEDRAL.—"We stayed so long in the grand old Cathedral that we had but little time to spare for a ramble through the sleepy streets." *Copperfield.* *Condition*—S.D.

THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.—Considered to be the original of the "County Inn," at which Mr. Dick was in the habit of staying. *Copperfield.* Charles Dickens stayed here in 1861. *Condition*—DEM.

THE SUN INN.—"It was a little inn where Mr. Micawber put up." *Copperfield.* *Condition*—S.D.

No. 1 LADY WOOTON GREEN.—Stated by some to have been the residence of Dr. Strong. (The headmaster's house, King's School would seem to have been that which Dickens intended). *Copperfield.* *Condition*—DES.

THE KING'S SCHOOL.—"Next morning, after breakfast, I entered on school life again." *Copperfield.* *Condition*—D.

SAINT ALPHAGE CHURCH.—"I was proud that he should think me so worthy, and we were married."—"At Saint Alphage, Canterbury, observed Mrs. Markleham." *Copperfield.* *Condition*—S.D.

THE GEORGE AND DRAGON INN.—Old Coaching Inn at which the London and Dover Coaches stopped to change horses. No doubt used by David and Mr. Dick. *Copperfield.* *Condition*—S.D.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S MONASTERY.—"I worship the eldest Miss Larkins, . . I regularly take walks outside Mr. Larkins's house, in the evening, though it cuts me to the heart to see the officers go in, or to hear them up in the drawing-room where the eldest Miss Larkins plays the harp." *Copperfield.* (The drawing-room was situated above the old Monastery Gate.) *Condition*—B.D.

No. 71 ST. DUNSTAN'S STREET.—"At length we stopped before a very old house, bulging out over the road; a house with long low lattice windows bulging out still farther." (suggested as the house of Agnes and residence of Mr. Wickfield.) *Copperfield.* *Condition*—B.D.

No. 61 BURGATE STREET.—Another suggested residence of Mr. Wickfield. *Copperfield.* *Condition*—DEM.

HOUSES IN NORTH LANE.—One of which was supposed to be the dwelling of Uriah Heep. "We entered a low, old-fashioned room, walked straight into from the street." *Copperfield.* *Condition*—B.U., many houses on both sides of road destroyed.

HOUSES IN CHANTRY LANE.—In one of which it is also suggested dwelt that very 'umble person. *Condition*—B.U., many houses completely destroyed.

CHALK

MRS. NASH'S COTTAGE.—2 Nash Cottage, 18 Lower Higham Road. It was here that Charles Dickens spent his honeymoon, in 1836, and some of the early chapters of Pickwick were penned. *Life.* (The Bust and Tablet still remain affixed to the wrong house, i.e. the Craddock Cottage. D.) *Condition*—D.

JOE GARGERY'S FORGE.—(For the purpose of the story, Dickens transferred the Forge to Lower Higham.) "Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house." *Great Expectations.* *Condition*—D.

CHALK CHURCH.—While residing at Gad's Hill Place, Dickens would walk through the marshes to Gravesend, returning by Chalk Church, and always stopped to raise his hat to a "comical old monk who for some incomprehensible reason sits carved in stone, cross-legged, with a jovial pot, over the porch." *Life.* *Condition*—D. The sculptured figure is intact.

CHATHAM

No. 2 (NOW 11) ORDNANCE TERRACE. DICKENS HOUSE.—Residence of the Dickens family when they first went to Chatham in 1817. *Life.* *Condition*—D.

No. 1. (NOW 10).—The home of George and Lucy Stroughill (reputed originals of Steerforth

and of the child in *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*), and No. 5 (now 14—the home of Mrs. Newnham (reputed original of the Old Lady in *Our Parish*). *Condition*—B.D.

The Fortifications and Battery.—On the second night of his walk to Dover, David rested by the fortifications, where a sentry was walking to and fro. "Here I lay down, near a cannon: and, happy in the society of the sentry's footsteps. *Copperfield*. *Condition*—S.D.

The Dockyard.—John Dickens was employed in the Navy Pay Office in the Dockyard and young Dickens was fond of roaming about here, watching the rope-makers, anchor-smiths and others at work, frequently enjoying a trip to Sheerness in the Navy Pay Yacht. (The office building, pictured in Langton's *Childhood and Youth of Dickens*, is undamaged). *Life*. *Condition*—D.

DOVER

Market Square.—David rested here. *Copperfield*. *Condition*—B.D., much DEM.

No. 10 Camden Crescent.—Charles Dickens stayed here for three months in 1852. "It was not quite a place to his taste, being too bandy, (I mean musical; no reference to it's legs)." *Life*. *Condition*—DEM.

The Lord Warden Hotel.—This hotel was the Royal George, at which Mr. Jarvis Lorry stayed. Charles Dickens stayed here in 1861. *Two Cities* and *Life*. *Condition*—S.D.

The Old Theatre.—(the Phœnix Music Hall). Derelict for the last 20 uears or more. "A miserable spectacle . . . the pit is boarded over and it is a drinking and smoking place." (1856). *Life*. *Condition*—DEM.

FOLKESTONE

No. 3 Albion Villas.—Charles Dickens stayed here in 1855. *Life*. *Condition*—S.D.

The Pavilion Hotel.—Pavilionstone. "A thoroughly good inn, in the days of Coaching and Posting was a noble place." "This is where we shine in our Pavilionstone Hotel." (Rebuilt in 1897, with the exception of the rear part.) *Out of Town*. *Condition*—S.D.

HIGHAM

St. John's Church, Upper Higham.—Dickens's parish church while living at Gad's Hill. *Life*. *Condition*—S.D.

St. Mary's Church, Lower Higham.—Now generally accepted as the lonely church on the marshes. *Great Expectations*. *Condition*—S.D.

MAIDSTONE

Cobtree Manor.—Thought by some to be the original of Dingley Dell. *Pickwick*. *Condition*—D.

MARGATE

Theatre Royal.—Built in 1787. Managed by a son of Dowton the celebrated comedian. It was on the occasion of Mr. Dowton's Benefit that Dickens visited the theatre on September 10th, 1847, and saw "As You Like It," which he says was "really very well done." *Life*. *Condition*—S.D.

ROCHESTER

Rochester Cathedral.—"Earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at theatres—queer customers those monks." *Pickwick* and *Edwin Drood*. *Condition*—S.D.

Satis House, Boley Hill.—The house of Master Richard Watts, founder of "The Six Poor Travellers, who in 1573 here entertained Queen Elizabeth. In reply to his apology for the poorness of the hospitality offered, the Queen replied "Satis," from which the house takes its name. (Dickens used the name "Satis" for Restoration House, the home of Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*. This house is undamaged). *Condition*—S.D.

Houses on Boley Hill.—"A paved Quaker Settlement, in colour and general conformation very like a Quakeress's bonnet, up in a shady corner." *Drood*. *Condition*—B.D.

II. BATH

By Alderman T. STURGE COTTERELL, J.P., Bath Branch.

The Assembly Rooms.—Mr. Pickwick attended a ball and Dickens gave two readings here. The Card Room is intact, but the rest was burnt out during an incendiary raid. *Pickwick* *Condition*—DES., W.S.

No. 11 Rivers Street.—The residence of Landor after leaving St. James's Square in 1852. *Life*. *Condition*—DEM.

III. LIVERPOOL

By THOMAS N. PHILIP, Liverpool Branch.

St. George's Hall.—Dickens gave readings here. *Life*. *Condition*—D.

Breck Road.—Christina Weller lived here with her family. *Life*. *Condition*—B.U., Area B.D.

Whitechapel.—*Uncommercial Traveller*, Ch. viii. *Condition*—D.

IV. MANCHESTER

By F. R. DEAN, Manchester Branch.

15-17 Mosley Street.—The Manchester home of Daniel Grant the prototype of Charles Cheeryble. It was while living here that the brothers Cheeryble began to practice

those charities and hospitalities for which they afterwards became famous. (See *Dickensian*, 1930, p. 147). *Nickleby.* *Condition*—DEM.

Free Trade Hall, Peter Street.—It was in this Hall (opened 1856) that Dickens presented numerous plays commencing with those for the Douglas Jerrold Fund in August, 1857 and gave a large number of Readings. Here he also presented prizes at the Annual Meeting of the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire in December, 1858. Complete restoration is to be undertaken. (It was in the earlier and and temporary building that he presided in October 1843 at the soirée of the Manchester Athenæum and, in 1852, presented plays for the Guild of Literature and Art.) *Life.* *Condition*—DES., W.S.

V. PORTSMOUTH

By the late WALTER E. PINE, Portsmouth Branch.

Hawke Street.—The second home of Dickens. *Condition*—Much of it DES., B.U.

St. Thomas's Street.—Here Nicholas lodged with one Bulph, a pilot. *Nickleby.* *Condition*—B.U., much of it DES.

Lombard Street.—Which sheltered the Snevellicci. *Nickleby.* *Condition*—B.U., much of it DES.

Old Hard.—Nicholas removed here later in his brief theatrical career. *Nickleby.* *Condition*—B.U., much of it DES.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

While reading *The Illustrated London News* for September 28th, 1844, I chanced upon the following Police Report entitled "A Check upon the Suicide Mania." Dickensians are aware, of course, that Sir Peter Laurie was the original of Alderman Cute. *The Chimes* was completed on November 3rd, 1844.

"At Guildhall on Monday, a young woman, named Elizabeth Morris was placed before Sir Peter Laurie, on a charge of having taken a quantity of laudanum, with a view of putting a period to her own existence . . . Sir Peter Laurie said he should send her to the Old Bailey for attempted suicide. He had put an end to persons attempting to drown themselves; he would now try the same cure for attempted poisoning. He had no doubt that those who took poison did not do so for the purpose of self-destruction, but for the purpose of exciting sympathy . . . The girl fell back fainting and exclaiming, 'Mercy, oh, mercy!'"

Then follows this editorial comment: "Sir Peter Laurie, we think, acts with much judgment in attempting to check the dangerous mania which, we think with the worthy knight, is often committed either to excite sympathy, or to gain notoriety. The latter seemed to be the cause of the suicides from the Monument."

This "worthy knight" had been Lord Mayor of London in 1832-3. He was the son of a small farmer and came from Scotland as a poor boy, rising finally to be a successful coach-builder, after marrying his employer's daughter. When Lord Mayor, he was once entertaining a distinguished company, including Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice, who was also of humble origin. In an after-dinner speech Sir Peter Laurie exclaimed: "See before you the examples of myself, the chief magistrate of this great empire, and the Chief Justice of England sitting at my right hand; both now in the highest offices of the State, and both sprung from the very dregs of the people!" (It is on record that Lord Tenterden did not appear to enjoy this reference to his parents). Is there not a hint of Bounderby here?

Wandsworth Common Oliver D. Savage.

(For further details of Sir Peter Laurie and Alderman Cute, see *The Dickensian*, 1916, p. 316.—Editor).

DOSTOIEVSKY, DICKENS AND OTHERS

By M. le M. FIÈBRE

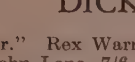
A SERIES of excellent essays* on many literary subjects from the time of the great Greek classics Æschylus and Plato, to the cessation of hostilities in May, 1945, has recently been published. It is held together rather loosely by the title of the introductory essay, *The Cult of Power*. Three of these essays command the attention of Dickens lovers: "On reading Dickens," "Dostoievsky and the collapse of Liberalism" and "The Allegorical Method." In the first two the contrast as well as the similarities between the English and the Russian authors, who were practically contemporaneous, is well brought out and examined. These two geniuses were the product of somewhat similar circumstances, although Dostoievsky underwent more severe physical suffering than Dickens in youth. The Russian's father was "like Dickens's father, a gentleman who had seen better days and a drunkard," which last-named characteristic will be news to Dickensians. It is known that John Dickens was feckless, careless about the value of money, and a cheerful, convivial soul, but surely not a drunkard. Both authors were rebels against unequal social conditions, both strove hard for their amelioration and removal, but Dostoievsky lacked Dickens's resilience and sense of humour; the iron of adversity and political martyrdom had entered into his soul and hardened his outlook with the consequence that, powerful as is his dramatic sense, his novels are much more gloomy and tragic than Dickens's. Both of these essays are truly analytical and Mr. Warner's method is in each case suited to his subject; that on Dickens is cheerful and lively, befitting so animated a writer, while that on Dostoievsky seems over-weighted by the darkness of the Russian's view of life, which is examined in a masterly review of his principal novels, especially *The Possessed* and *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Here is a typical sentence about Dickens: "If you come to find that these creations of his are, for the most part, full of life and activity then you must be impressed by the amazing exuberance of his imagination, and you must recognise that his achievement has been to create a world whose boundaries are wider than those of the world of any other English novelist, indeed of any other English writer, Shakespeare . . . excepted." Not exactly new perhaps, but surely never better expressed. The author has also administered a snub to the "literary purist," who, "must be assumed to have read Dickens, but must not be questioned as to the extent of his reading or the accuracy of his memory. Still less must be imagined to have enjoyed what he has read; for that is really vulgar."

In dealing with "The Allegorical Method" Mr. Warner shews that allegory was used by Plato, has been employed by all writers ever since, and has become a part of our own speech; life without allegory would be dull indeed. In *Bleak House* the all-pervasive fog in which the book opens becomes a symbol that persists right through the novel to the end. Dickens's allusive use of allegory is contrasted with much point with the more direct method of Bunyan and with the "vague and indeed obscure allegory of Herman Melville or Dostoievsky or Kafka." Rabelais, Cervantes and Swift are also named amongst the masters of allegory. Mr. Warner sees reason to believe that Dickens's early illustrators "were well aware of this aspect of his work and showed his characters as incredibly big or small, fat or lean, crooked or straight;" a novel and illuminating point of view and one worth enlargement; it would be an amusement to identify the allegorical

* The Cult of Power, by Rex Warner. John Lane, 7s. 6d.

figures in Cruikshank's and Phiz's drawings. One wonders why Mr. Warner does not cite *The Thousand and One Humbugs*, which, although written as a light-hearted parody is one of the finest allegories in the language. One must add that a fairly intimate knowledge of Dickens is necessary in order to appreciate Mr. Warner's skill and literary accomplishment.



DICKENSIANA

"The Cult of Power." Rex Warner (One of the eight essays—*On Reading Dickens.*) John Lane, 7/6.

"Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell." Annette B. Hopkins, *Huntingdon Library Quarterly*, August.

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"The Infusions of Dickens in Trollope." Ernest Boll. "The New World in Dickens's Writings," Part I. Robert B. Heilman, *The Trollopian*, September.

"Great Expectations," (topographical). Ralph Arnold. *Nineteenth Century*, October.

"The Didactic in the Art of Dickens." Shrimati M. A. Ruckmini. *Ayran Path*, November.

"Charles Dickens as Social Reformer." Monica Dickens. *Woman's Magazine*, December.

"The Man that Made Christmas." T. W. Hill. *World Digest* December.

"The London of Dickens." Leslie C. Staples. *The American and Commonwealth Visitor.* December.

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(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

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FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

ANDREW LANG

" ' I was rather an industrious little boy . . . I had minded my lessons, and satisfied my teachers—I know I was reading Pinnock's *History of Rome* for pleasure—till " the wicked day of destiny " came . . . *Pickwick* was brought into the house. From that hour it was all over, for five or six years, with anything like industry and lesson books. I read *Pickwick* in convulsions of mirth. I dropped Pinnock's *Rome* for good. I neglected everything . . .'

" ' It was worth while to be twelve years old, when the Christmas books were written by Dickens and Thackeray. I got hold of *The Rose and the Ring*, I know, and of the *Christmas Carol*, when they were damp from the press.'

" It was the loyalty to his earlier literary loves, and the inherent desire to champion any lost or oppressed cause, that led Lang to defend Scott against the many criticisms levelled against him, to defend Thackeray and Dickens also, as time went on.

" ' Charlotte Bronte,' he says, ' did not care for Miss Austen any more than I agree with Lockhart in placing Miss Bronte high above Dickens.'

" Another author whom Lang felt himself bound to defend during the reaction that set in round about the end of the century, was Dickens. Of him, as of Thackeray, Lang has written in various accessible places. One of his most interesting essays is the Introduction to the Gadshill Edition, which he edited in 1897, where, after a long and very fair study of Dickens as a novelist, he admits that his own preferences in literature, but not his literary judgment, would set above Dickens only Scott and Thackeray. Lang's notes and prefaces to this edition are of no special importance, but they hardly deserved the thunderous denunciation with which Swinburne favoured them : ' The prefatory importunities of a writer disentitled to express and disqualified to form an opinion on the work of an English humorist. The intrusive condescension or adulation of such a commentator was perhaps somewhat superfluous in front of the reprinted *Waverley Novels;* the offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of Charles Dickens.'

" On this, ' The Academy,' not often at that period either friendly to Lang or outspoken against writers of settled reputation, commented : ' Mr. Lang's gentle chidings of Dickens may have been a thin and unnecessary *sauce piquante* to the Gadshill banquet, but we are still unable to discover why they should infuriate a poet who screams the very same objections.'

" Now at first sight Dickens would not appear to be an author that Lang would have cared for. Lang admitted his own preferences in literature very freely, and the most important of them was for romance, as his most constant bias was against ' realism.'

" Another mystery which Lang strove to solve was that of Dickens's last and unfinished novel, *Edwin Drood*. As an ardent Dickensian, he had always been interested in the subject, but was stung into action by Mr. Cuming Walters's little book on the mystery which was published in 1905, and which supported the view that Edwin was indeed dead and made the startling suggestion that Datchery, the detective, was none other than Helena Landless in disguise. Lang criticised the book in ' An Interview between Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on the Drood Mystery,' in *Longmans' Magazine* of September, 1905 and before the end of the year published his own contribution to the solution of the mystery, *The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot*, in which he championed the theory that Edwin escaped, returned in the disguise of Datchery to spy on Jasper, and was waiting in the Sapsea vault in his own likeness to frighten the murderer into an admission of his guilt.

" Lang returned frequently to this subject in articles and letters which appeared in various magazines ; almost the latest and the most important, was ' A Mystery of Dickens,' in *Blackwood's Magazine* of May, 1911, where he so far concedes to the popular theory as to admit that ' Helena Landless *may* be Datchery, but she ought not to be.' One regrets that Lang was not alive to be present at the mock trial of Edwin Drood in 1913, at which a number of well-known writers attempted to solve the mystery. Lang's final attitude was, that while he felt himself unable to accept any of the theories put forth, he

could not suggest one himself; and G. K. Chesterton, as staunch a Dickensian as Lang, professed himself of the same opinion.

"The world of Dickens also seemed to Lang as a choice resort, for the humour, the large kindliness, even the satire, which though biting is never bitter, made it acceptable to him: 'In real life we shrink from Sairey and condemn her. In fiction we take her to our bosoms. For art is not life, and a "realistic" Sairey or Squeers would not be art, any more than is real water on the stage.' 'In what sense,' asks Mr. Gissing, 'can this figure in literature be called a copy of the human original?' Why, in the only sense—the sense of art. The Gamp of actual existence, reflected in art, is Sairey. Art is not life, but a reflection of life under certain pleasurable conditions. Nature never made a Sairey, any more than she made a Clytemnestra or a Lady Macbeth. But she strove towards these ends; and art—in the form of Dickens, Æschylus and Shakespeare—helped her to her aim."—"Andrew Lang," by R. L. Green. (Ward).

* * * * *

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"The final Woollcott offspring was an unwanted child. His advent met with general disapproval. All that day Aunt Julie Bucklin gloomed over her household chores and, when the mother, a Dickens addict, sent out word from the birthroom, 'a young gentleman has arrived whose name is Mr. Guppy,' flounced forth from the house in resentful tears.

"Events and people of those early years were sharply etched upon the precocious memory of 'Mr. Guppy.' To him the familiars of the Phalanx were of giant proportions, 'every one . . . as vivid as any of the characters of Dickens.'

"She (Miss Sophie Rosenberger) was quick to diagnose in her small pupil a mind of unusual promise. Schoolmates recall, perhaps with a residue of childish jealousy, that while Miss Rosenberger was a conscientious instructress to all her classes, she evinced individual interest for one scholar only. She directed Aleck's reading; first, Louisa M. Alcott, then, when he had reached the advanced age of eight, selected portions of Dickens. Thence he branched off for himself into more perilous paths . . . his teacher was shocked to find him immersed in that rakish and enormously popular novel, *Trilby*. Throughout his life he preserved a devotion to the Du Maurier masterpiece, as well as to Dickens and Alcott.

"After that busy and productive summer of 1921, Aleck went back to his routine with the completed manuscript of his collected Sunday contributions, 'Shouts and Murmurs,' as well as 'Mr. Dickens goes to the Play,' ready for book publication.

"But one labour-saving device now became more obvious, his repetitiousness. He would use an item in February and repeat it, with hardly a change of phrase, in April. The cynical journalistic apophthegm that the public never remembers to-day what it read yesterday, while not a Woollcott invention, became a Woollcott tenet. He took to what is technically known as 'space-grabbing:' i.e., padding his columns with frequent quotations from Dickens, from Gilbert and Sullivan, and from favourite poems. One passage from *Nicholas Nickleby*, Vincent Crummles's receipt for playwriting, he used twice in successive months, a third time within the year, and very likely on later occasions.

> "'It would have been idle to expostulate with him that he could and did reach a far wider audience than any actor might aspire to. It would have been idle to point out how . . . readers of his, great folk and mean folk . . . were laughing and weeping at the promptings of his written word. He knew that well enough. He *knew* it. But he did not *feel* it. He did not hear them laugh, did not see them cry.'

"This was written not about but by Alexander Woollcott. He was diagnosing the eccentricity of another gifted and stagestruck amateur, Charles Dickens, and, in so doing, indicating his own.

". . . he is so fond of Dickens, because Dickens is largely illusory, with characters and situations done in high, often theatrical colours. Woollcott liked life as a spectacle in which he was the leading actor; he loved to act, not only on the stage, but off.

"Special gifts and more particularly such as were distinguished by a traditional interest, were treasures to his heart. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes picked up in

London and sent to him an old knife on which were engraved the initials C. D. and M. H. It was a keepsake from Mary Hogarth to Charles Dickens. Aleck always carried it as a luck piece.

" And ' Tark ' (Booth Tarkington) who has, himself, preserved that same keenness untarnished by the years, envisages his friend after death, ' waking a little confusedly in the undiscovered country ; then promptly finding himself and at once hastening to find others—to seek out Mr. Justice Holmes and tell him all about Dr. Eckstein, to discover Mrs. Fiske and tell her all about Mrs. Roosevelt . . . but perhaps, and almost before doing anything else, I think, he would rush to Alice Duer Miller, who would know nearly everything, to inquire where Charles Dickens lives.' "—" Alexander Woollcott, His Life and His World," by S. H. Adams. (Hamilton.)

* * * * *

CHAPMAN AND HALL

" But when Mr. Micawbers forget their own unimpeachable maxim about income and expenditure, their wives inevitably suffer, and the children, asking for bread may find a stone. No doubt it was pleasant for the family regularly to take in not only the instalments of Dickens's latest novel, but *The Christian World*, *The Quiver*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Sunday at Home*, and *Chambers's Journal*.

" Our Christmas Days were not uninterrupted domestic idylls : Dickens was a very young man when, in his Dingley Dell chapter he spoke of the average family gathering as ' a source of such pure and unalloyed delight.' Yet we were united, as families go, and our Christmases, in the main, were happy . . . while material comforts had their due, a day that began with my father's chapter from St. Luke, and ended with my mother's reading from *A Christmas Carol* did justice to the Christian festival as well as the pagan feast.

" Some of the bound-stock of Dickens was kept, where space permitted, on the ground floor. As booksellers' orders were assembled, one heard the constant cry of ' Three *Cop* ; two *Chuz* ; two *Mick* ; four *Pick* ; two *Dombey* ' —and so on. Until the copyright of *Edwin Drood* expired in 1912, Chapman and Hall alone could issue complete sets of Dickens. They ran some dozen or fifteen editions, ranging in price from half-a-guinea to a shilling a volume. Excellent as were the new and cheaper series, some of the older ones, with their execrably small type, had to be kept in print : many readers still preferred them for sentimental reasons. Though most of the individual books (or ' titles ') no longer enjoyed copyright protection, and thus were already produced by other firms, Chapman and Hall's sales of Dickens remained so vast that his works, with those of Carlyle, which maintained a considerable vogue, constituted by far the largest branch of the business. ' Dickens and Carlyle,' ' Fortnightly Review,' ' Miscellaneous,' such were then the familiar categories.

" Until Arthur Waugh took control in 1902, the firm had for some time lived too complacently upon Dickens, and Waugh was now strenuously engaged in building up the ' miscellaneous ' side of the business against the advent of less easy times. Even so, hour by hour, day by day, week after week, there continued one steady refrain of ' Two *Boz* ; three *Tale* ; one *Twist* ; two *Bleak* ; one *Shop*.' The public appetite for Dickens was seemingly unappeasable. Was it any wonder that Chapman and Hall, in the years previous to my knowledge, had been lulled into a sense of false security ?

" I never listen to this old warder (formerly an assistant hangman) without being reminded of the hangman in *Barnaby Rudge* and without marvelling afresh at those who persist in calling Dickens a caricaturist."—" Autobiography, 1891-1941," by Gilbert Thomas. (Chapman and Hall.)

* * * * *

LITERARY MECHANISM

" Many novelists, mostly, but not only in the 20th century, have by design so treated the life of their own period as to produce fiction that was historical from the outset. Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell, and Trollope, especially in his political novels . . . found their themes in a narrative presentation and interpretation of Victorian England which is more in the nature of social history than are the novels of any of their contemporaries, even Dickens and Thackeray.

" The historical may be so blended with the fictitious that history provides some of the events, but few or no persons, as in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

" Instead of antedating real persons, Dickens resurrected Lord Chesterfield to play the sinister part of Sir John Chester in *Barnaby Rudge*.

" Indeed it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that practically all the major novelists of the Victorian heyday, Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, as well as Charles Kingsley and Newman and a host of minors, depicted the past with more or less of an intention to make it minister something more than thrills and amusement to the present.

" Whenever a prose rhythm begins to overrule the sense and to try to perpetuate itself over a passage of some length, it is well on the way to becoming not prose, but poor metre, as in Dickens's lapses into a kind of blank verse."—" Studies in Literary Modes," by A. M. Clark. (Oliver and Boyd.)

* * * * *

LEATHER

" At all times, leather has been in use for some articles of clothing. In the coaching days, leather breeches were an indispensable part of the coachman's outfit and it will be remembered that Sam Weller thus accosted the game-keeper's boy who stood in the way of Mr. Pickwick's wheelbarrow progress : ' Out of the vay, young leathers ' (referring in this case to leather gaiters).

" An ordinance of 1281 is quoted by Riley which permitted ' ladies who wear furred capes ' to use fur also for their hoods as they thought proper, but forbade ' women of the city ' to use other than lamb or rabbit fur : ' this because that regratresses, nurses and other servants and women of loose life bedizen themselves and wear hoods furred with *grosvair* . . . and with miniver . . . in guise of good ladies.' Nursing, strangely enough, was not always an honourable profession, but was regarded until comparatively recent times as a very menial occupation. Dickens's disreputable Mrs. Gamp was a type, not a caricature, even as late as 1843."—" Leather in Life, Art and Industry," by J. W. Waterer. (Faber).

* * * * *

SULPHUR

" Sulphur as a remedy is one of the most valuable in general use. For years mothers have administered to their children sulphur and treacle with the object of purifying their blood. That it diffuses itself rapidly through the tissues is shown by its blackening silver objects worn on the body. Many spas depend entirely upon its use for their popularity.

" Curiously enough, Dickens tried to cast very unmerited scorn upon Mr. Squeers for administering it to his pupils, not realising that he is the only schoolmaster of whom it is recorded that he interested himself in the cleaning of the bodies, and consequently increasing the efficiency of the brains, of those under his care."—" Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, His Life and Work," by W. E. Tanner. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox.)

* * * * *

PINDAR

" You may read most other wonderful writers, and with profit, for reasons utterly severed from their special excellence : Cicero as an historical authority. Milton for his theology, Villon for his old French, Dickens or Mark Twain to learn the moods and habits of the lonely. But Pindar . . . is patently valueless, save for one superb merit.

" Virgil's battles compared with his storms or his landscapes, Dickens's heroes compared with his comic figures, are only the strongest instances of what is perhaps universal."—" Pindar," by Gilbert Norwood. (Univ. of Calif. Press.)

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch reports of not more than 200 words, are invited for inclusion in the page. See final Editorial Note on page 68.

CONGRATULATIONS and good wishes to the following newly elected Honorary Secretaries: Mr. Jerome W. Howe of Worcester, Pa., Miss Margaret Stewart of Chester, Pa., Miss E. Bottnell of Redditch, Mr. W. R. Sword of Winnipeg, and Mr. Harry Wood of Victoria. The thanks of the Fellowship as a whole are due to the retiring secretaries: Mr. Edwin T. Marble, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. D. Gill, Mr. W. Cross and Mr. G. H. Henderson, respectively.

DICKENSIANS IN THE RÔLE OF ST. MARTIN.

FOR a long time now, the Vancouver Branch, to the officers and members of which we owe a very deep debt of gratitude for the magnificent aid they have rendered the children in this country throughout and since the war, have been sending us bales of clothing for needy men, women and children. A most valuable and generous gesture in these days of strict clothes rationing. A further consignment has recently reached this country, making about 150 bales in all. To all our friends in Vancouver and to the "V Bundles of British Columbia," we tender our most grateful thanks and heartfelt appreciation. The work of dealing with these gifts has been considerable and for this the Dickens Fellowship is greatly indebted to Miss D. L. Minards and her family. The distribution has been made in London, Grimsby, Littlebourne, Liverpool, Nottingham and Plymouth, amongst other places. Among the many others who have shared in this labour of love and of whom mention must expressly be made, are Mrs. Newcombe, Hon. Secretary of the St. Pancras Branch and Miss Vera Cocks, Hon. Secretary of the Plymouth Branch. To all these ladies and gentlemen we tender the grateful thanks of the Fellowship.

L. C. S.

OBITUARY

Mrs. FRANK S. JOHNSON

IT is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, which occurred on January 16th, after an illness of about three months. Mrs. Johnson, who was last with us at the opening meeting in October, was a very familiar figure at our gatherings. She took the greatest delight in the activities of the Fellowship, which has benefitted so long and so conspicuously by the labours and genial personality of her husband. Modest to the point of self-effacement, her happy disposition will be sadly missed. To Mr. Johnson and her two surviving sons (the third, and eldest, died last year) we extend our heartfelt sympathy. At the cremation at Mortlake, the Fellowship was represented by the Hon. Secretary, Hon. Editor, Mr. J. D. Billington and Miss Boddington.

L. C. S.

WALTER E. PINE

THE Dickens Birthplace Fellowship (Portsmouth Branch) has sustained a great loss by the sudden death of Mr. Walter E. Pine, on November 19th. He was a true Dickensian in every sense of the word—steeped in the knowledge of Dickens's works and at his best when portraying those immortal characters. His versatility was truly amazing and he knew intimately every corner of old Portsmouth connected with Dickens. He became Secretary of the Portsmouth Branch during the last two years of the war and having had the satisfaction of seeing its activities once more in full swing, he retired owing to the failing health of his wife, who died a few months later. He never fully recovered from this bereavement and his frail constitution was unable to carry its burden any longer. He had a splendid journalistic career and was for 42 years the Chief Sub. Editor of the *Portsmouth Evening News*. He was elected Hon. Vice-President of the Institute of Journalists and for many years served on the Council of the Institute. The Branch intends to perpetuate his memory by founding a literary prize to be competed for annually.

D. S.

We also deeply regret to record the death of:

Col. Sir Arthur Holbrook, K.B.E., Headquarters.
Mr. C. Findlater, Eastbourne.
Mr. Arthur T. Howes, Liverpool.
Mr. J. B. Amerongen, Alkmaar, Holland.

THE DICKENS HOUSE

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1945.

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To General Expenses						
Stationery and Postages	6	19	8			
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	1	7	8			
	8	7	4			
,, Office Expenses at Bedford	26	0	0			
,, General and Water Rates	88	5	10			
,, Insurance	15	12	6			
	138	5	8			
Less Contribution from The Dickens Fellowship ...	15	0	0			
				123	5	8
,, Interest—Mortgage	30	0	0			
Loan	10	0	0			
				40	0	0
,, General Repairs, Building				13	19	2
,, Legal Expenses				13	7	3
,, Honorarium and Income Tax thereon				34	9	0
,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings				11	1	3
,, Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet				264	18	4
				£501	0	8

INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Annual Subscriptions—						
Friends of Dickens House				102	3	8
,, Rents—						
No. 49 Doughty Street	293	0	0			
The Dickensian	35	0	0			
The Dickens Fellowship	50	0	0			
				378	0	0
,, Interest—						
On £188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock ... ... (Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift)	4	14	0			
On Post Office Savings Bank Deposit	16	3	0			
				20	17	0
				£501	0	8

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1945.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mortgage on No. 49 Doughty Street	600 0 0	
Interest accrued thereon...	7 10 0	
		607 10 0
The Dickens Fellowship—		
Loan	550 0 0	
Interest accrued thereon...	10 0 0	
	560 0 0	
Less Current Account	4 13 0	
		555 7 0
Sundry Creditors	...	3 6 2
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift	...	102 19 9
Provision for Contributions payable under War Damage Act, Part I		
As at 31st December, 1944	22 3 0	
Less Fifth and Final Instalment due 1st July, 1945	22 3 0	
		—
Balance—		
As at 31st December, 1944	5115 14 8	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year to 31st December, 1945	264 18 4	
	5380 13 0	
		£6649 15 11

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Freehold Property—		
Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		...5108 5 2
Furniture and Fittings, at cost less, depreciation—		
As at 31st December, 1944	223 6 4	
Less Sale during the year	2 0 0	
	221 6 4	
Less Depreciation for the year	11 1 3	
		210 5 1
Library and Museum, at cost	...	... 138 12 2
Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.—		
As at 31st December, 1944	26 11 8	
Less Sales during the year	3 11 6	
(As certified by the Hon. Secretary)		23 0 2
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
£188 5*s* 9*d*. 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost	...	... 102 19 9
(Held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds)		
(Market Value, 31st December, 1945, £171 16*s*. 3*d*.)		
Post Office Savings Bank Deposit	...	... 662 5 10
Payments in advance	26 7 5	
The Dickensian	35 0 0	
		61 7 5
Cash at Bank and in Hand	...	... 343 0 4
		£6649 15 11

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investment.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
26th September, 1946.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

The Dickens Fellowship

41st ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Will be held in London, May 16th—19th

MAY.

Fri. 16—Dramatic Performance of *A Tale of Two Cities* (6-30 for 7 p.m.) in aid of the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) followed by a reception to Delegates.

Sat. 17—Conference Business Meeting. 9-30 for 10 a.m.
Banquet at Grosvenor House Hotel. 7 for 7-30 p.m.

Sun. 18—Four morning rambles in Dickens's London. 10-30 to 12-30.
The Dickens House open by invitation to provincial Delegates. 2-30 to 4-30 p.m.
Commemorative Service at Southwark Cathedral. 6-30 p.m.

Mon. 19—Motor-coach tour to Broadstairs. 8-45 for 9 a.m.
(May 20th—See London meetings below.)

Detailed Programme and application form for tickets from the Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

LONDON MEETINGS

MARCH.

Wed. 12—Lantern Lecture "Some Rambles in Dickensland," by Percy Home, Art Editor of *The Sphere*.
Chairman: Capt. Rich. C. D. Shuckburgh, M.C.

Sat. 22—Ramble, "Round About St. Pancras," Percy Merriman. Meet at Mornington Crescent Tube Station, 2-30 p.m.

APRIL.

Mon. 21—Annual General Meeting. *Agenda*. Report of Committee. Election of five members to serve on Committee. Syllabus 1947-48.

Note.—The present members of Committee are Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Newcombe, Miss Smith-Rose, Messrs. Billington, Greaves, Harper, Kimber, Lascelles, McNulty, Shuckburgh, Staff, Savage and Young. Five are due to retire and are not eligible for re-election. Nominations (with consent of nominee) to fill the five vacancies should be made in writing to reach the Hon. Secretary on or before April 14th.

The meeting will conclude with "A Dickens Omnibus," arranged by J. Greaves. *Chairman*: George F. Young.

MAY 16—19. DICKENS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE. (See above).

IMPORTANT.—The Ramble arranged for Sat., May 17th, is postponed owing to the incidence of Conference until:

MAY

Tues. 20—Ramble. "Old Highgate," Percy Merriman. Meet Archway Tube Station, 2-30 p.m. It is hoped that many Conference Delegates will be able to attend.

JUNE.

Sun. 8—11 a.m. Service in commemoration of the 77th anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens.
St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street. Sermon by the Rector, Rev. Dr. A. J. Macdonald.

Mon. 9—A wreath will be laid on the grave of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey. Meet West Door, 9-45 a.m.

The motor coach trip to Cooling and Rochester announced for Wednesday, 18th June, has been cancelled in favour of the trip to Broadstairs to take place on Monday, May 19th, as part of the Conference programme.

Unless otherwise stated, all meetings will be held in Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, at 7-30 p.m. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

PERCY MERRIMAN, *Hon. Sec.*

41 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY SYREET, LONDON, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: PERCY MERRIMAN.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss JANE DAVIES, 10 Thirlmere Road, S.W.16.

LEYTON (No. 90).—A BROWNING, Senr., 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 20 Gloucester Crescent, N.W.1.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—J. J. FRENCH, 20 Trelawney House, Union Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—Miss D. GREEN, 39 Belgrave Crescent.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mrs. FOX-DAVIES, 48 Wood End Road, Erdington.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Mrs. S. SHAW, 65 Hove Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Miss TATTAM, Dickens House.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Mrs. MABEL COLE, 21 Madeira Avenue.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—E. S. PLOWRIGHT, 17 Cricklade Street.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—CHAS. TAYLOR, The Angles Hotel.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—Miss E. A. DARKIN, 21 Heathville Road.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Miss MARGARET CORDOCK, 43 Grafton Street, Hull.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—Miss A. E. DALLEY, The Street, Ickham, near Canterbury.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss E. M. HARDING, 13 Buckingham Road, Liverpool, 13.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—Miss M. LEA AXON, 5 Depleach Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—BASIL BASTON, 51 Chaworth Road, W. Bridgford.

PLYMOUTH (No. 48).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 6).—Mrs. STOCK, 58 Francis Avenue, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—Miss E. BOTTRELL, 33 Ipsley Street.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—Miss A. BUTLER, 253, Maidstone Road.

RUGBY (No. 111).—FRANK LUCKING, 63 Eastlands Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. BENTLEY, Rose Villa, Percy Street, Greenfields..

SOUTHAMPTON (No. 26).—Mrs. A. G. HARRISON, 7 Westrow Gardens.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54).—B. C. E. OSMAN, 31 Chapman's Walk, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74).—WALTER LAWSON, 76 Church Street.

WOODVILLE AND DISTRICT (No. 94).—W. SHEPHERD, Woodville Road, Hartshorne, Burton-on-Trent.

AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE (No. 127).—C. T. BARNES, 1 Will Street, Norwood.

BRISBANE (No. 83).—Mrs. M. H. JODRELL, Kilda Place, Ipswich Road, Annerley, Brist

MELBOURNE (No. 24).—Miss MCMEEKIN, 1879—R, G.P.O.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64).—Miss FLORENC TWEEDIE, 42 Bland Street, Ashfield.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND (No. 99).—Miss FREDA ROBIN 5 Queen's Avenue, Mt. Eden, S.2.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—Miss E. M. CLA 83 Totara Road, Riccarton.

WELLINGTON (No. 121).—Miss L. McKE 9 Brougham Street.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100).—J. HOL 10032 102nd Street.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 52).—Mrs. M. EDWARDS, 4745 Queen Mary Road.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. 32).—Mrs. E. L. SCH 443 Donlands Avenue.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—A. M. COL 1670 Alberni Street.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—HARRY W 2058 Neil Street.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25).—W. R. SW 660 St. Mary's Road, St. Vital.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73).—Mrs. HARRY BAGLEY, Hotel Commander, Cambridge, Mas

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 131).—EUNICE GRIFFITHS, 5418 7th Ave, Los Ang

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Miss MARGA STEWART, 817 W. Eight Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Mrs. DAMARIS BRADFORD, 1302 Waveland Avenue.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—NAAS, Leamington Hotel, Oakland.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Miss ETHEL CARROLL, 2414 Hoyt Avenue.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 115).—Miss CHARL HALL, 2447 Oahu Avenue.

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